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SILENCE!

BY H. L.

Golden in the stilly twilight,
Ere the stars peep out above,
When the waning mystic skylight
Turns the youthful heart to love;
Golden when two souls are thirsting
For the word that neither speaks,
And the heart full filled to bursting
For a silent token seeks.

Golden in an age of chatter,
When by every pen and tongue,
Idle praise of senseless matter,
Widespread through the world is sung;
When in letters, art and science,
Politics, and o'en in trade,
Talk sets wisdom at defiance,
Silence must in gold be weighed.

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A STORM IN A TEA-CUP," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. CONTINUED.

LELLIE cried a good deal before she went to sleep that night, though she did not quite understand why she cried. Did she really want to marry Lord Mavis? she asked herself in honest indignation. Had she really got over her first attack of love so soon, that in two months she was ready to replace her first sweetheart with another, and was she crying because she had been compelled by the disadvantages of her birth to reject this second offer of marriage?

She asked herself these questions more than once, but she did not succeed in answering them to her entire satisfaction. As often as she tried to persuade herself that Frank Ellesmere's memory still held its own against all comers, her thoughts would wander away in spite of herself to Lord Mavis's heroic conduct on the cliff: she would recall his smiling reply to her question concerning his appearance; his efforts to treat the affair as only a bit of fun, until he saw the horror in her face at the sight of the dangling rope, then his swift change to passionate tenderness as he caught her to him; the lingering kiss on her lips, and the tremble in his voice as he yielded her into Heaven's care.

"Would Frank Ellesmere have come through the ordeal so splendidly?" she asked herself, and, though her heart tried to say "Yes," her head said "No;" and she put her face down in her pillow, alone in the darkness as she was, as if she would fain hide her growing disloyalty even from herself.

But, even then, what was there for her to do but what she had done? Nothing. She could never hope to marry with the mystery of her birth unexplained! And so she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning the whole party gathered round the breakfast-table with unusual punctuality, anxious to see all they could of the Brinktons on the last day of their stay. Mrs. Brinkton glanced at her letters as she took her seat.

"I'm burning with curiosity to know what is inside that bulky letter from Holliscroft, mother dear," Lellie said. "I hope grandmamma has sent you some of the lace she makes so beautifully. Lady Hollis is so clever at lace-work, Mr. Gregson; she often boasts that, though she is over sixty, she can work finer stitches than we young ones."

Mrs. Brinkton opened the heavy packet.

"Astonishing!" she exclaimed. "It is all writing! I wonder if mamma means to turn novelist in her old age. What can have happened in the fortnight since we left the Croft to produce such a long letter?" She put the closely-written sheets back into the envelope with the remark—"It will not be so interesting to you all as the lace would have been."

After breakfast the ladies disappeared, intent upon superintending their packing, and remained upstairs until an hour before luncheon.

"Mother dear, you are tired," said Lellie abruptly, as she caught sight of Mrs. Brinkton's face. "Go down-stairs out of all this bustle. Newsome and I can finish packing without you."

"I'm not tired, dear—only a little worried," Mrs. Brinkton answered.

"Ah, that's that long letter of grandmamma's!" returned Lellie. "But, whatever it is, you'll be all the better for an hour's quiet before lunch; so go away directly, or I shall have to turn you out;" and she gently put her over to the door as she spoke.

When Mrs. Brinkton reached the hall she met Hastie and Lord Mavis coming in from a stroll.

"You two look immensely confidential," she remarked, with a smile; "what have you been plotting?"

"Nothing more serious than an accidental meeting with you among the Welsh hills," replied his lordship quietly,

"I'm afraid it's of no use," she responded, dropping her voice. "Lellie has not said a word to me on the subject, and I think that is a bad sign."

Lord Mavis straightened himself as he answered—

"I shall not give up hope until I see her another man's wife."

"Don't argue with him, Nell," interposed Hastie; "I've tried it, and it's not of the least use. He must go his own way. Any news in your mother's letter?"

"Yes, indeed; I want to talk the letter over with you."

"Better do it now then. We sha'n't get another chance for some days perhaps. Is the matter very secret, or may Jack come too?"

"If he cares to," she replied, looking at her host questioningly; "but I don't know if family matters are interesting to any one but the people concerned. By-the-bye, though," she added, as it struck with a sudden thought, "I think you ought to remember my younger sister Emily. You are sure to recollect the hubbub there was over her elopement with Major Carstairs, when she was engaged to young Forrest?"

"I do just remember, and that is all," he answered.

"Then perhaps my news may interest you after all," she said, leading the way to a small room off the morning-room which had been sacred to the ladies of the party throughout the visit.

"You know we were terribly anxious at the time the affair happened," she went on, as she took her long letter from her pocket. "Carstairs was such a very black sheep that it was an enormous relief to us to receive a copy of their marriage certificate. But that was the only relief we had, for less than a year after the marriage there was a scandal between him and Madame Nausky, who had made her first appearance in London that season. Emily had held aloof from us all since her marriage; but when papa heard that Carstairs had gone to America with the singing-woman he tried to find the poor girl, meaning to bring her home to Holliscroft and institute a suit for divorce against her husband. But he could not trace her at all. He went to their apartments in St. John's Wood—fancy taking Emily to poky rooms there?—and the woman of the house told him that Major Carstairs had left awfully in debt, and she had been obliged to send 'the young person' about her business, and had seized the luggage for money due. And there was a baby too, John, only a few weeks old; wasn't it terrible?"

"But the letter, Nell?" suggested Hastie.

"Don't be impatient, dear," she answered. "How can John understand the denouement unless he knows something about the antecedents. Well, we searched and inquired, but all to no purpose; month after month we advertised, and papa's solicitors had a private inquiry man in their pay for a whole year, but from that day until now we got no sign of her. Two years later Carstairs died, and three years after that the Carstairs lawyers corresponded with papa with reference to a certain property which had descended to this Major Carstairs and his heirs. This set us all off on the grand hunt again, but to no purpose. And now, after eighteen years, we get the first real clue, and I suppose the question will be opened up again. Now I will read you this morning's budget right through, for the enclosures must be sent back by to-night's post. This is my mother's letter—

"'Dearest Nell,—Yesterday we were all thrown into a state of the wildest grief and astonishment by the receipt of the enclosed correspondence. It will explain itself. I am still too agitated to express my feelings on the matter. How wonderful that, after eluding our anxious search all these years, we should get news of our poor Emily at last, and then only the news of her death!

"'Your sorrowing mother,

"'AGATHA HOLLIS.'"

Mrs. Brinkton laid the letter down, and took up the next and read—

"'The Convent of St. Philippa and St. Patrice, Tipton.

"'Madam,—Death has robbed us of one of our saintliest members in the person of Sister Mary Grace, who died in the arms of the Church on the twenty-first inst. I forward the enclosed packet, at her request, to you; and in obedience to her wish I beg to state that she was discovered in an unconscious condition on the high road about a mile to the north of Tipton by two of our visiting sisters, on the evening of December 28th, 18—, and was conveyed by them to this our refuge; since which time she has continued an inmate, and was admitted a member of our order after serving a novitiate of two years.

"'I am, madam, your humble servant in God,

"'AGNES HILDA (Mother Superior).'"

"Twenty-eighth of December, 18—," repeated Lord Mavis in a bewildered way, "on the road outside Tipton? Why, man alive, that must have been the very day I dined with you at Clewster, when I was nearly late because my mare Kitty shied at —— Go on, Mrs. Brinkton"—he interrupted himself suddenly—"I'm intensely interested in this business. By Jove, only think how everything would have been altered if I had found her instead of—— But I'm interrupting you; go on."

"This last letter," continued Mrs. Brinkton, smiling a little at his eagerness, "was evidently written by poor Emily just before she took the vows. Poor injured little creature! She must have been heart-broken and hopeless indeed before they could have persuaded her into such a course of action.

"'This paper contains my farewell to the affairs of this world,'" read Mrs. Brinkton; "'when I have finished what I have to say here, and have sealed up this declaration, and handed it over to the holy mother to be delivered to its address after my death, I shall have performed the last action of my life that has any relation to the ties of earth. Henceforth my life will be one of expiation and repentance unceasing. To-morrow I am to be received into the bosom of the Church, and from that moment I shall cease to be who and what I am now. But time is precious—let me get at the heart of my task.

"'In the interest of the child born to me, and in the hope that this statement of facts may one day lead to her identification, I hereby declare as follows—I, Emily Carstairs, wife, of Algernon Carstairs, was deserted by her husband on the fourth of December, 18—. Three days after his desertion my baby was born, in our lodgings at 15, Antwerp Road, St. John's Wood, London. When the baby was three weeks old the woman of the house told me that Major Carstairs owed her upwards of fifty pounds, and that she meant to seize my belongings to pay herself. She told me I was strong enough to turn out now, and she had let her rooms to some one else. I went, with my baby, determined at last to humble my pride and asked shelter of my father. When I got outside the house I remember I had no money; and I walked about for a long time seeking a pawnbroker's shop. At last, when I was nearly worn out with carrying my child for two hours, I found one, and they gave me fifteen shillings for my wedding-ring. I took a cab to the railway-station, and when I got there I found I had only money enough to pay for a ticket as far as Tipton. This left me a walk of thirteen miles to Holliscroft. But I decided to go, for I could get help easier, I thought, in Tipton than in London.

"'I reached Tipton about five o'clock in the evening of December 28th, 18—. The long rest in the train had revived me a little, although I felt rather faint and very cold. When I got out into the streets of the town, and began to consider whom I should ask to help me on the way to my home, I felt a sudden shame and repugnance at the thought of any one seeing me as I then was. And then all at once it flashed across me what people might think and say when they saw I had no wedding-ring on my hand. I had not given a thought to it before, but now, when the idea came into my head, I felt I should die of shame if any remarks were made to me about it, and I altered my plans all at once. I would walk out on the way to Holliscroft, and I would ask the first person driving past to take me as far as they went on my way.

"'I started at once, for fear I should lose heart, and I walked quickly enough, in my desire to escape notice, until I had left the lighted shopwindows behind me. But afterwards, when I got out on to Tipton Moor, and had no longer the shelter of the houses to protect me from the wind, I found I was almost powerless to stand against it. I battled along as best I could for a long time, it seemed to me, although I know by the chimes from the town behind me I had left the train less than an hour ago. It was a bitter night. The cold wind seemed to blow through me as I bent my head to keep the wind off my baby, and made my weary way along the dark, hard, frozen road.

"'Just as I was beginning to say to myself that I must give up—that I should have to rest and wait until Heaven send me help, I saw, far away on the level road, the bright lights of an approaching carriage. Then a mad thought came into my head—I would place my baby on the roadside where they could not help but see it, and I would hide myself. They would be compelled to take pity on the infant, I thought, and they would be certain to give the help to the baby which they might possibly refuse to the mother. The finding of the child would be sure to create a talk, and I could claim it when I had the countenance of my people to help me.

"'This all flashed through my mind more

quickly than it can be read; with numbed, shaking fingers I loosened my cloak and rolled it around my little one, putting a white woolen wrap outside all to make it conspicuous. Then I laid my helpless darling by the wayside, and slipped through a gap in the hedge, and crouched down, praying desperately to heaven for succor for my child."

Mrs. Brinkton stopped for a moment to wipe the tears from her cheeks, and looked at her two listeners. Hastie's face was the embodiment of tender pity; Lord Mavis looked somehow more excited than sympathetic.

He was pale to his very lips, and he sat with a tightly clenched hand resting on either knee, and his head set a little forward, in an attitude which suggested the idea that he was restraining himself by a great effort of will.

"Go on, Nell," urged Hastie; "we are both very interested."

Mrs. Brinkton resumed her reading.

"'They saw the baby, and took it up to examine it. By that time I was almost delirious, but I remember whispering over and over again—'these men have tender hearts—heaven has given them tender hearts—they will be good to my baby until I can claim it again.' Then I seemed to come out of a trance as the wheels sounded again on the road. What I had done came upon me in all its horror.

"'I could think of nothing but that I had parted with the one great gift heaven had sent me. I pushed my way through the hedge in a mad impulse to run after the dog-cart and claim back my child, but it was already far beyond the reach of my voice.

"'When next I remembered anything I was here, in the Convent of St. Philipps and St. Patrice, being nursed by the kind woman who had found me insensible on the road shortly after I had lost consciousness.

"'For the past two years the good people of this place have made unceasing inquiries for my baby, but we can get no news of any child having been found in the neighborhood.

"'I have given up all hope of ever hearing from it again, and after a long, bitter struggle with my heart, I have at last come to regard it as heaven's will that I should know nothing of my child's fate. Father Cuthbert looks upon it in the same light: he says heaven has itself severed the last link which had bound my spirit to earth, thus leaving my soul free for the service of the church. So be it.'"

"It's of no good!" exclaimed Lord Mavis leaping up from his chair with a sudden slackening of his painful self-restraint. "I cannot sit still one second longer! Mrs. Brinkton—Hastie, old boy—I have the most wonderful thing to tell you. That little baby your poor sister placed on the wayside was found by me as I drove into Tipton that night to catch the train for Clewster, where I met you, Mrs. Brinkton, for the first time. Some words of Hastie's after dinner put a daring scheme into my head, and the next day I had the baby taken up to London, fitted out prettily, and sent around to your house as a gift on New Year's Eve, little thinking I was sending your own niece to you."

"Do you mean to tell me," began Brinkton.

"That Lellie is, or rather was, that little creature? Yes, that is just what I do mean to tell you," rejoined his lordship, with the air of one who has done a clever thing and knows it.

"But why be so mysterious over it?" asked Mrs. Brinkton, in breathless bewilderment. "Why not have told us at the time?"

"Well, you see, I did not know who the child was then, or I should certainly have told you."

"But if you had only told us as much as you knew things would have been better. We should have started our inquiries from Tipton then, and the chances are we should have heard something."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Brinkton, you were so pleased at the time to have things just as they were, that I thought it best to leave well alone. The child had found a good home, which was more than its own people seemed inclined to give it, and you were fearful of some one springing up to claim it, and so I decided not to put you on a track that might lead to identification, but to let things take their course."

"What a chain of extraordinary coincidences," said Hastie.

"Will this alter your plans, Hastie?" asked his wife. "Will you give up the Welsh trip? You may be wanted in town to see lawyers and all that kind of business."

"Then they may want me," he answered. "The question of identity will be smooth enough, thanks to your evidence, Mavis; and for the rest, it will be better for Lellie to be away during the first rush of gossip there is sure to be over the discovery. No; we'll go to Wales as arranged, Nell. And don't say a word of this to the child until we get to town to-night; it might upset her for the journey."

"Good people all," cried Lellie, putting her head in at the door, "the luncheon-bell rang ten minutes ago. If you don't come at once you won't have time to eat anything before we start."

When Lord Mavis had bidden his guests good-bye on the railway platform that afternoon—when he had replaced his hat after standing uncovered as the train passed out of the station—there was a troubled look in his honest brown eyes.

"Good-bye, little sweetheart," he murmured, as he moved away; "when we meet again I suppose it will be my duty to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with your old love Ellsmere."

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE weeks later, and autumn had just begun to tint the clumps of foliage in the Welsh valleys.

The Brinktons were making quite a long stay at the sociable little town of Barmouth. This was attributable to two causes—the existence of a really comfortable hotel in the town, and to the glorious and numberless beauties of the surrounding scenery.

Day after day Hastie and Lellie started off, after an early breakfast, with their sketching materials, to catch the first train to one or another of their favorite spots, and night after night they returned home, laden with the results of their day's hard work, dusty, tired, and hungry, yet buoyant and exhilarated by the mountain air.

Lellie was, outwardly at least, not much changed by the knowledge of her respectable parentage and her prospective heiress-ship. But this was due to the fact that in the time of her humiliation she had not allowed it to have any visible effect upon her every-day bearing than to any lack of appreciation on her part.

She was really honestly glad and grateful to know there was no longer any reason why she should be set apart from the rest of her kind as a sort of social leper.

For the rest, she was just what she had always been—the best of daughters to her much-loved foster-mother, the brightest of companions to her equally dear foster-father.

Now, as she came trudging across the sandy strip of ground which lies between the station and the "Cors-y-gedol Arms," she looked the embodiment of happiness. She was laughing with suppressed heartiness at something Hastie had just said concerning a faultlessly got-up young man who had gazed at them through his eye-glass, in unmixed wonder at their travel-stained appearance, from the moment they entered the train at Portmadoc until they left it.

But, though she was enjoying the joke thoroughly, her watchful eyes travelled along the windows of the hotel in search of the face she knew would be watching for their coming.

"Why, mother has come down to the public drawing-room!" she exclaimed, when she had at last found her. "I never knew her to do that before. She has always waited for us."

"I'm afraid we're very late to-night," answered Hastie, who had purposely left his watch at home. "Perhaps the dinner-bell has gone. Can you dine as you are, Lellie?"—with a glance at the thin gray tweed sort-skirted frock.

"I must change my boots"—showing a foot cased in bog-mud as she spoke—"and wash my hands and face."

But they were not very late, after all. When Lellie got to the drawing-room—muddy boots and all—she found out why Mrs. Brinkton had not waited up-stairs until their arrival. Captain Ellsmere, looking as handsome as ever in his correct evening-dress, was there, talking quietly to her.

At the first sight of him all the blood in Lellie's body seemed to rush to her heart, then as quickly it receded, leaving her with a sense of suffocation in her throat that was very difficult to hide successfully. Fortunately the gas was turned down to a mere glimmer, for the glow of the sunset still lingered brilliantly over the western sea.

She tried to convince herself that Ellsmere did not see her extraordinary agitation as he advanced eagerly to meet her.

Somehow, before she had finished answering his conventional inquiry after her well-being, she knew he meant, if possible, to resume his old relations with her; there was a world of tender reproach in his glance as he remarked that she looked better than when he last saw her, and she at once felt that she had been guilty of heartlessness.

As her own conscience did not entirely acquit her of the charge, she tried to compensate for it by putting a little added cordiality into her greeting. If she had had any doubts on the subject of Ellsmere's intentions towards herself they would have been set at rest by the words he managed to speak as they went down to the dining-room.

"Well, Lellie," he whispered, "I've tried to do as my people would have had me do, and failed. I found it impossible to live any longer without you, darling, and I have decided to risk being cut off with the usual shilling rather than spend a half-hearted sort of existence away from you. Will you forgive me my fit of worldliness, and fix our wedding-day this side of Christmas.

Evidently from this speech he did not know of the change in her circumstances. As Lellie thought this she felt a sudden return of her old romantic attachment. It was so delicious to know that his love for her had overcome the inveterate prejudices of caste. But, even as this little thrill of pleasure passed, it struck her that his speech was somewhat over-confident, and she recovered some of her reserve.

"I don't think I ought to answer you on the spur of the moment," she replied. "Your coming has been such a pleasant surprise that, in the impulse of the moment, I might say more than I really mean. Will you give me until the morning to think the matter over?"

He did not speak, but an eloquent pressure of his hand assured her not only of his acquiescence, but also of his confidence as to the result; and again she felt that swift touch of distaste, which was gone almost before she realised its presence.

She scarcely knew what she ate that evening, her sensibility was so aroused by Frank's presence. Yet, once or twice during the time they were at table, she caught herself contrasting his manner with Lord Mavis's. The lover was too apparent, she argued; if he only passed her the salt he managed to convey the idea that, could he but spend the rest of his life in a like occupation, his ambition would be accomplished. It was so different from Lord Mavis's quiet way of carrying out her every little wish without the slightest ostentation. She wondered if Frank had always been the same. If so, she supposed her stay at Maylands, and the delicate attentions of its owner, had spoiled her for Frank's more pronounced love-making. She got quite irritable before the meal was over, and on her way up to the drawing-room she railed at herself as fastidious, inconsistent, and disloyal. But, all the same, she was glad she had decided not to give her answer until the morning. She was in that most unhappy state of mind that she did not know what she wished—she was not sure of herself.

When she had been in the drawing-room a few minutes, the chatter round about became too much for her in her present state of nervousness, and she went up to her own room for a little quiet.

As she reached the landing at the turn of the stairs two ladies were coming down. They were fresh arrivals evidently, for they still wore their travelling-gowns. Lellie waited for them to pass.

"It's a great nuisance going down to-night," said one. "I don't feel a bit fit."

"I won't stay five minutes," came the reply. "As soon as I've seen Frank's pretty heiress I'll come up again. I'm curious to see the girl who could drag him up here in the middle of the shooting."

Lellie stood like a statue until the speakers had reached the foot of the stairs, and disappeared inside the drawing-room. Then she went to her room and rang for Newsome, and sent a message to Mrs. Brinkton, telling her she was too tired to come down again to-night.

"Don't let her come to me, Newsome," she commanded. "I'm going straight to bed, and I shall be asleep in two minutes."

"So my instinct was right," she said to herself a little bitterly, when the maid had gone. "I felt there was something untrue about Frank's manner to-night, the moment I saw him. What a sordid finish to my first romance, to find that my lover has been boasting of 'his pretty heiress'! How humiliating to me, and how coarse and vulgar of him! So different from"—she stopped herself abruptly, and blushed—"I can't think why I've suddenly taken to compare him with Lord Mavis," she thought angrily.

And then she settled down and wrote a short note, which was delivered to Captain Ellsmere the next morning, half-an-hour after she had started for Cwmbwchyn, and while he was still enjoying his morning dream, in which Lellie, looking lovely in orange blossoms and white satin, played no inconsiderable part.

"Dear Captain Ellsmere," ran the note—"I have thought carefully over what you said to me this evening, and I have decided that in justice to both of us my answer must be 'No.' I find I do not love you with that entire love with which three months ago I thought I did. You may think this an admission of fickleness—possibly it is; but you must do me the justice to allow that you yourself first willed the separation which has led to this weakening of my affection. I am going on a long expedition into the mountains to-morrow, and shall not be back until the evening. As my decision is quite irrevocable, I think it would spare us both pain if we did not meet again—at any rate for the present. With best wishes I remain.

"Your sincere friend,

"LELLIE BRINKTON CAMSTAIRS."

"So that's over," said Ellsmere, tearing the note into atoms and scattering them viciously about the room. "I'm sorry. I liked her better than any one I've known since I got over the days of my calf-love. Well, I suppose I must get away from here at once. She's found out that I knew about the discovery of her people, I suppose, and that has destroyed the romance."

"Lellie," said Mrs. Brinkton, coming into the room as the girl was preparing for dinner that evening, "I've a message from Captain Ellsmere for you. He said he regretted not being able to make his adieux in person, but the law of the Medes and Persians had so ordained it, and there was no appeal from it. A funny message, wasn't it?"

Lellie smiled rather wickedly as she assented.

"Do you know, mother," she observed presently, as she stood with her head inside the wardrobe reaching down a fresh gown, "I'm rather sorry I'm a rich young woman."

"What a strange thing to say, Lellie! And apropos of what, dear child?"

"Apropos of nothing in particular," she answered, determined to preserve Ellsmere's secret. "Only my faith in mankind is not what it was. I shall fancy now that my money has a certain influence in securing me attention. I wish some one had courted and married me in spite of my shame and poverty, in the old days."

"My dear, it was your own fault it was not so: Lord Mavis——"

"Oh," cried Lellie quickly, "he was not put to the strongest test of all—the knowledge of my mysterious first appearance!"

"You forget, Lellie, it was he who found you. He must have known it?"

"I had forgotten it," the girl answered, with a sudden surprise in her eyes. "Or rather," she added thoughtfully, "I had never coupled the two facts of his knowledge and his proposal in my own mind. I never realized until this instant that at the time he asked me to be his wife he knew me to be a nameless foundling, owing everything to your goodness. He's a splendid man, mother! I hope he'll get a woman who can appreciate his good qualities, when he does marry."

"I don't think Lord Mavis is a man to be off with the old love and on with the new very easily," remarked Mrs. Brinkton quietly.

Lellie made no answer as they went down-stairs, but she was unusually thoughtful all that evening; and her thoughtfulness rather increased as the days went on, until Hastie began to ask his wife what ailed the child. But being a wise woman, Mrs. Brinkton held her peace, leaving events to shape themselves without assistance from her.

At the end of the week they were to move on to Carnarvon, and sketch the Castle from every possible point of view, and this was to complete their stay in Wales for the present.

On the last afternoon of their stay in Barmouth Lellie and Hastie went up to Harlech, to finish their picture of "Harlech Castle from the Llanbedr Road."

"I am sorry to leave this place, dad," said Lellie, who was not working with her usual close application. "It has been such a pleasant time."

But Hastie was intent upon catching the effect of a flying shadow on the hillside, and did not answer, and Lellie sat with idle hands, trying to imprint the scene on her memory.

The grand old castle, grimly defiant even in decay, towered up square and solemn in the middle distance. Beyond it stretched the glorious blue of the estuary, fringed on the other side by the tender translucent tints of the Carnarvonshire hills.

Wonderful hills those, to watch on a clear autumn afternoon, possessing a fascination all their own in their ever-varying shadows and colors! Lellie found them absolutely bewitching, and she could hardly take her eyes from them as the twilight began to creep up their sides.

At present their upper ranges were still a faint delicious pink; a little lower the pink took a delicate violet tinge, which went on deepening shade by shade until it became a royal purple, and then passed on towards the foot of the mountains into a weirdly mysterious, slaty darkness.

This particular aspect of nature had always a great charm for the girl, and she watched the slowly-mounting shadow for some minutes in perfect silence. Then her rapture received a sudden shock, and she was brought back to the present by the very prosaic sound of the afternoon train, as, snorting obtrusively, it made its way across the plain.

She turned and watched it, as it hurried along the flat between her and the sea, until it was hidden by an intervening hillock; and then she fixed her wandering attention on the few passengers who had got out at Harlech Station, and were making their way towards the village.

There was one in particular who had outwalked the rest and was leading the way towards the hill-side at a slashing pace. The man roused her lazy interest. Seen at that distance, there was something in his carriage which struck her with a sense of familiarity, and she even found herself leaning forward to watch him as far as she could before the steep hill shut him from her view.

When he had disappeared from sight she laughed at her own folly as she straightened herself again, and crossed to the other side of the road to observe Hastie's progress. His brush was going with nervous speed over his canvas, and she stood watching his work for some minutes in silence.

"It's of no use, Lellie," he said presently. "I can't do all I want to it to-night; the darkness is beating me. Two hours more would have finished it. I'll tell you what—I will see you to the station and send you home, and I'll get a bed in the village here to-night, get up by daylight to-morrow, finish it off, and be back to breakfast by the nine-o'clock train."

Lellie, accustomed to the sacrifice of personal comforts in the cause of art, assented at once to the arrangement, and they began to pack up their impedimenta. Both intent upon fixing an obstinate strap-buckle, they did not look up as a footstep came along the silent road, and they stood up with a start when Lord Mavis's voice said—

"Here you are, then! By George, what a pull it is up the hill from station!"

"Hallo, old fellow," cried Hastie, "how did you find us out? You're just in time to help me with this confounded strap."

And his lordship, after a quick glance into Lellie's blushing face, turned his attention to the strap.

Lellie knew she had blushed in an unmistakable way, and the knowledge made her intensely miserable. She was horribly self-conscious as they walked back to the station together; she hardly heard anything the two men were saying, and her misery reached a climax when Brinkton said, as the train came in—

"I'm glad you've turned up to-night, Jack; I didn't like sending Lellie home alone, and yet I thought it a pity to spoil the picture just for the sake of the extra two hours' work. We go on to Carnarvon to-morrow. Will you come on with us?"

"I'm not sure if I can," replied Lord Mavis, as he followed Lellie into the train. "I'll see between this and the morning."

Then he came over to her as they steamed out of the station. "Shall I put the window up?"

"Not for me, thank you," she answered him.

She could not have spoken differently, she had not another word to say, and yet she was annoyed with herself for answering him as she would an utter stranger.

"So you've had a very pleasant time down here?"

"Yes, a very pleasant stay."

"You're looking remarkably well—quite set up after the hard work of the season."

"I don't think I found it hard work," she returned.

"No? Yet I thought you looked as if it told on you a little, when I met you at Lady Tolverton's dance at the end of last July."

"It's just possible," she admitted, feeling it safer to keep the conversation going, even if her own health formed the sole topic, than to fall into silence; "but at any rate I have quite recovered from all effects of it now."

"Really?" he asked, and his tone made her turn to look at him.

How it happened she never understood, but something in his glance told her that he had put a deeper meaning on her careless words than she had intended.

Her color came and went quickly as she repeated his word "really" somewhat unsteadily. He must have seen something in her manner to give him encouragement, for he followed his first shot up promptly.

"I used to think when you were at Maylands that you were still feeling the reaction of the bustle and excitement a little."

"It may have been so," she admitted, looking rather troubled as she stuck her gloved finger through the holes in the window-strap one after the other, and watched the operation with close attention; "but I was not conscious of it myself. I don't think there are any signs of reaction about me now, though."

"No," he said quietly, regarding her closely as he spoke. "I think the Welsh air has cured you." Then he added suddenly in a new tone—"May I go to Carnarvon with you?"

She stopped her performance on the window-strap for a moment to look at him in surprise.

"May you go? I thought you said you ——"

"I said I would see between this and the morning," he interrupted, leaning forward, and taking one of her hands in his. "Of course I would not go unless it would be pleasant for you to have me. I don't want to spoil the trip for you."

"Oh, but you wouldn't do that," she said blankly, and then stopped short.

"Will you go a little farther, and say that you would be pleased for me to go?"

She looked at him appealingly, and then sat mute, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks.

"Lellie dear," he went on, coming over to her side of the car suddenly, "is it true, what I heard from Mrs. Brinkton before I came to you this afternoon—that Ellsmere came down here and proposed to you again, and you rejected him? If you don't care for him any longer you might in time get to care for me a little, if you gave me a chance of making myself agreeable. Don't you think you could, dear?"

"I don't know," she replied, shaking her head and looking woefully puzzled. "I have no faith in myself, Lord Mavis. I believed I loved Captain Ellsmere with all my heart; and yet it is only three months since he threw me over, and I have quite recovered from my broken heart. I can even look back and laugh at my infatuation. If this were to happen again——"

"Do you believe you love me with all your heart, Lellie?" he cried radiantly, holding both her hands tightly in his.

"But perhaps this is not the real thing either, you know," she began.

"Darling," he exclaimed, taking her bodily into his arms, "I'll risk it if you will."

* * * * *

It was a short ride from Harlech to Barmouth, and though the train traveled at a very low speed, it reached the latter place much sooner than Lord Mavis wished.

"I wonder what Mrs. Brinkton will say to us, Lellie?" he said, as they crossed from the station to the hotel.

"I think she will say you have not lost much time," replied Lellie, with a mischievous glance up at him.

He laughed aloud as he put her hand in its little wash-leather glove under his arm. Just before they reached the door he stopped abruptly.

"Lellie, my child," he said softly; "will you tell me why you changed your mind?"

"Changed my mind about what?" she asked.

"About me—why did you refuse me the first time?"

"Don't you know—can't you guess?"

"No; I've been puzzling myself for the last ten minutes as to what your reason could have been."

"I had made up my mind not to marry at all until I knew who I was."

"Was that your only reason—are you quite sure?" he persisted.

Lellie, detecting a trace of anxiety underlying the question, observed his face as well as she could in the gathering darkness.

"What other reason did you think I had?" she asked.

"At that time did you still care for Captain Ellsmere?"

Lellie flushed a little before she replied.

"I want to tell you the exact truth," she said gently; "and I am not quite sure myself what is the truth. When you spoke to me that time at Maylands—afterwards, when I went to my own room, I was ashamed to find how much I had grown to care for you."

"Ashamed?" ejaculated Lord Mavis in a tone of the most genuine astonishment.

"Yes," she returned steadily, "ashamed—of my own fickleness, you know, in being able to care for any one else so soon after the other. And that is why," she added lowering her voice still more—"that is why I am so surprised that you can care for me enough to want to marry me. How can you have any faith in me? I have none in myself."

"Ah, but you see, Lellie," he responded in a tone of supreme wisdom, "I don't mean to set you an example of fickleness as Ellsmere did."

They crossed the road then, but his lordship turned towards the stable gate, instead of going in at the front door.

"I've an old friend of yours down here with me who would be delighted to see you again," he said, as he led her across the yard to a corner where a groom was leaning over a half-door.

"An old friend of mine?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, one of your very oldest," he answered, enjoying her mystification. "I've brought Miss Carstairs to see you, Jim."

Jim turned around and touched his hat.

"You don't remember her, I see," said his lordship. "I'm not surprised. I hardly knew her myself at first. She has changed a good deal since we found her on the Tipton road eighteen years ago."

Jim's face was a sight to see as he watched them tread their way back across the yard, and he muttered—

"Who'd a thought that little treasure-trove would a growed up like that?"

[THE END.]

A Kitten's Mission.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"PUT that down, I tell you!"

Little Freddie Gordon—a lad of ten years—dropped the white kitten he was caressing, and glanced up at the sharp-voiced speaker, with a frightened look in his big brown eyes.

"Yes'm," he says softly, moving a step backward.

"What do you want here? Or, do you want anything?" went on Mrs. Abigail Brentnor, in her hard metallic voice.

"Yes'm," still in that low hesitating voice; "mother sent me to see if you could give her work—sewing, washing, or anything. She's a'most starved."

"Serves her right," snapped Mrs. Brentnor, as she turned to re-enter the house. "I've no work for the likes of her."

She closed the hall-door with a bang, and Freddie stood a moment with his hands in his pantaloons' pockets, staring up at the red-brick mansion, its windows draped with costly lace, and great masses of Virginia creeper clustering about the fluted columns of the wide portico.

The white kitten crept back to his feet, and rubbed her snowy sides against his tattered pants. He stooped down and stroked her white coat with tears in his big brown eyes.

"Dear kitty—pretty little kitty," he whispered softly, "I wish I had something to eat—I'm awful hungry."

The white kitten purred softly, and rubbed her pink nose against his hand, looking up into the thin, sorrowful face with almost human sympathy. He turned away, pushing the kitten from him, with a sigh that was almost a sob.

"Go into the house, kitty—that's a good kitty."

But kitty gamboled about his feet, and when he went slowly down the graveled walk, slyly followed him. He was too absorbed in his painful thoughts to notice her movements, until, as he unlatched the gate, a velvet paw was laid on his bare brown foot.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, looking up at the great brick house in affright, "you must go back—they will think I am stealing you."

He picked up the little white ball, and ran swiftly up the walk. A window was open on the ground floor, and he dropped the kitten into a great velvet chair, that stood just where a broad strip of sunshine fell across its carved back.

With one glance the big brown eyes took in the comforts and picturesque luxuries of the large room, resting greedily on a tray of untouched food that stood on a small oval table, beside a couch, whereon some person—whether man or woman, he could not tell—was reclining.

"Hold on a minute," called a weak but musical voice, as Freddie swiftly turned away; "where did you get my pet kitten?"

"It followed me." Freddie paused, and glanced sharply at the figure on the couch. "And I brought it back."

The figure raised its head slightly, and Freddie saw it was a man—a man with great sunken eyes, and pale, wasted face, that looked frightfully attenuated in the glaring sunlight that filled the room. The brown hair, that the bright sunlight was changing into gold, clustered about the blue-veined temples in tiny curls, and Freddie thought the thin face marvelously tender.

"What brought you here?"

"I wanted work for mother; she's a'most starved."

Freddie rested his elbows on the window sill, and shut his brown eyes tight to keep back two big tears.

"What?" exclaimed the invalid, raising himself on his elbow; "starving, did you say?"

"A'most." Freddie opened his eyes, and blinked hungrily at the tempting food. "But—but the lady said she'd no work for the likes of her."

The likes of her! Paul Addenbrook looked soberly curious.

"Come in here," he commanded; "I am master here."

Freddie gazed apprehensively at the heavy polished hall-door, with its massive silver-plated knocker.

"Come in through the window."

And Freddie vaulted over the sill, digging his bare brown toes into the rich velvet carpet as he lit on his feet.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, with a self-satisfied whistle, "that's jolly!"

"Here!"—Paul Addenbrook turned the tray towards the child—"now eat some breakfast, and then tell me about yourself."

Freddie stared a second at the fragrant coffee, dainty rolls and crisp crackers, then attacked a bunch of luscious grapes, with a relish that was positive proof of his inward cravings.

"Eat none yourself?" he inquired with evident concern, as the last cracker was balanced on the tiny fingers.

"Not this morning; I have no appetite," was Paul Addenbrook's answer, as he eagerly scanned the childish face, for something in the wonderful brown eyes brought him face to face with an unhappy past. "Tell me about your mother, my boy."

"Oh, mother's well enough, only we're poor, awfully poor, just now. She got sick and couldn't teach school, and now she can't get work anywhere, and we're a'most starved," was the boy's reply, as the last cracker was ground into atoms by the small white teeth. "That's jolly, you bet it is."

"Does your mother allow you to talk slang?"

Freddie laughed, and shook his curly brown head.

"You bet she don't. But it's a habit, you know—mother says an awful bad one. All the boys talk it."

He sat down, Turkish fashion, on the rug before the anthracite fire that burned in the polished grate, for although the air was warm and balmy without, a crisp coolness lurked in the corners of the great wide room, a coolness that chilled the weak blood in the invalid's veins.

The white kitten crept up his back, and perched herself upon his shoulder, purring contentedly as she rubbed her soft face against the boy's brown cheek, and a great longing for a home, and the luxury of home comforts, came into Freddie's heart.

Paul Addenbrook laid his head back on his soft cushions, a curious light, half doubt, half pain, in his great sunken eyes; for this child seemed in some unaccountable way connected with old memories.

"How old are you?" he suddenly demanded.

"Ten last August; older than I'm good," smiled Freddie.

Ten years! Well, if—but Paul Addenbrook dared not think of what might have been; and throwing the boy some money, said abruptly—

"Go home, and send your mother here immediately."

"But—but—" stammered Freddie, hastily pocketing the silver coins, "that lady said ——"

"I am master here, child," interrupted Addenbrook; "send your mother to me."

Freddie vaulted over the window-sill, and in an instant was out of sight. Rushing into his mother's presence, he threw the handful of silver coins into her lap.

"Freddie!" she exclaimed, "where did you get that?"

And Freddie gave his mother a short, but truthful account, of his adventures with the white kitten.

"I did not know there was a man there," said the pale little woman, whose brown eyes were as large and luminous as Freddie's, "for the house has been shut up for years. Mrs. Brentnor only lately took up her residence there. He wants to see me, Freddie?"

"Yes'm," nodded Freddie; "right away, too."

Freddie's mother hastily made herself ready to go up to the great brick house. Almost eleven years before, she had come into the village of Clydedale alone and friendless.

There her child was born, whether in lawful wedlock or out of it, no one could tell, although some of the more curious ones noticed that she wore no wedding-ring.

Few, however, gave a thought to the woman's mysterious past, for she was sweet and cultivated, and honestly earned a livelihood for herself and child by teaching, until a long attack of sickness unfitted her for mental labor.

Before many minutes Freddie and his mother stood in the wide portico of the great brick house, where the sunlight shot golden arrows through the green creepers that shaded it.

"Mother's come!" cried Freddie, peeping in at the invalid, who was still lying on the couch.

"Open the hall-door, and bring her in," commanded the weak voice.

And Freddie did as he was bid, his mother following him into the great sunlit room, with a strange odd feeling of expectancy.

The sunken eyes of the invalid dilated with a look of absolute terror as they fell on the little brown-eyed woman, with the pale, tender face.

"Marian!" came faintly from the blue lips.

"Paul!" with a cry of intense surprise, as she stood, white-lipped and pallid, beside the couch; "my husband!"

"Your blind, mistaken husband, Marian," cried Paul Addenbrook, extending his thin hands in supplication. "Oh, Marian, the misery of that foolish mistake is killing me! See what a shadow I am! Can you ever forgive me?"

"I have not much to forgive," says the meek little woman, taking the thin hands in her own, and kissing them fondly. "I was foolish and stubborn, Paul; I should have told you the truth. I don't blame you for doubting me; it's not pleasant for any man to see his wife in another's arms. But Hugh had always been such a disgrace to us, I was ashamed to own he was my brother."

"We were both foolishly proud in those days, and 'pride goeth before a fall,'" he says penitently. "But if you had not run away, the wrong might have been righted years ago."

"I doubt it!"—she is crying silently now—"we were both so obstinate. But Hugh is dead now—poor, erring Hugh."

"Marian, my wife!" He drew her down to him, and Freddie, sitting in Turkish fashion on the rug, stared in open-mouthed wonder at his mother, who was passionately kissing and crying over the invalid.

"Well, I'll swan!" he ejaculated, as the white kitten curled herself up in his lap. "Women are curious critters."

"And, Marian," said Paul Addenbrook, who looked as if he had suddenly found some life-giving elixer, "I am a rich man. Uncle Roger has left me all his property. Oh, that I could live to atone for my folly!"

It is needless to say that the tonic of Marian's love cured him. Freddie and the white kitten were inseparable companions.

"See here," he said to his new-found father one day, "have cats got mishuns? 'Cause if they have, this kitten's mishun was to bring mother to you. Jolly, wasn't it?"

Bric-a-Brac.

A ROYAL HANGMAN.—It is not generally known that Henry VIII. hanged no fewer than 72,000 robbers, thieves, and vagabonds, and that "good Queen Bess," doubtless affected by her royal father's ferocious example, was, in the latter part of her reign, responsible for the slaughter of three or four hundred criminals yearly. Turning to the year 1596, for example, we find that in the county of Somerset alone 40 persons were executed, 35 burnt in the hand, and 37 severely whipped.

A LARGE REWARD.—When the game of chess was first invented, the Emperor of China sent for the inventor, and desired him to teach it him. The emperor was so delighted with the game that he told the inventor that whatever he should demand should be given him as a remuneration for his discovery. To which he replied that if his majesty would but give him a grain of corn for the first square, and keep doubling it for every square on the board, he would be satisfied. The emperor was astonished at what he thought the man's modesty, and ordered his request to be granted; but it was soon discovered that there was not enough corn in the empire to satisfy the demand.

The following is the sum total of the number of grains of corn:—18,446,743,573,709,551,615 grains. If placed end to end they would reach 3,893,401,821 times round the world.

IRISH SURNAMES.—The following is a list of some of the commoner Irish and Scotch surnames, with their English meanings:—Macnamara, son of a sea-hound; Macmahon, son of a bear; Duff or Duffy, black; Brien, the force of water; Kennedy, wearing a helmet; Doran, the gold of poetry; Sullivan, having but one eye; Gallagher, the helper of Englishmen; Riordan, a royal salmon; Lysaght, a hired soldier; Farrell, a fair man; Naughten, a strong person; Trayner, a strong man; Keefle, mild; Keating, a shower of fire; Kinahan, a moss-trooper; Kearney, a soldier; Leahy, a champion; Flinn, red-haired; Dwyer, a dark man; Dogherty, dangerous; Mullan, a miller, broad head; Cullan, broad poll; Flaherty, a powerful chief; Lalor or Lawler, one who speaks by halves, Tierney, a lord; Bulger, a Dutchman; Dougal, a Dane; Mac Intosh, son of the chief; Mac Nab, son of the abbot; Mac Clery, son of a clerk; Mac Lure, son of a tailor; Macgill, son of a squire; Macbrehan, son of a judge; Mac Tavish, son of a savage; Gow, Goff or Gough, smith; Galt, a Protestant.

SKEWER.—Strange things happen every day. Slimy sea-serpents sun themselves on the surface of the ocean; a shower of frogs or kippered herrings alarms the inhabitants of some obscure village; monster vegetable-marrows reward the assiduity of suburban gardeners; and cows bring forth calves with an abnormal number of legs. A correspondent of an evening paper tells of yet another phenomenon. He says:—"I have a fox-terrier dog about three months old, and he displays a remarkable propensity for bolting his food. A few days ago, while stroking him, I perceived something projecting about an eighth of an inch from the middle of his back, and upon closer examination found it to be a wooden skewer that had contained his meat; he had eaten his meat, skewer and all. I immediately withdrew it, which seemed to afford the poor animal a certain amount of relief. The piece of wood was over five inches long, and had worked its way out by the sharp end." It is a startling story, and not the least remarkable feature in it is the statement that the wooden skewer had contained the dog's meat.

THE NAMELESS GUEST.

BY J. H.

I wonder if ever the angel of death
  Comes down from the great unknown,
And soars away on the wings of night,
  Unburdened and alone.
I wonder if ever the angel's eyes
  Are filled with glistening tears,
As they grant to the souls unfit for flight
  A few more weary years.

For it seems at times, when the world is still,
  And the soft night winds are whist,
As though some spirit were hovering near
  In folds of dream-like mist;
And I feel, though mortals are somewhere near,
  That I am not quite alone,
And with gloomy thoughts of dying and death
  My heart grows cold as stone.

But whether 'tis death that hovers near,
  And knocks at the door of my heart,
Or whether 'tis some bright angel come
  To be of my life a part,
I cannot tell, and I long in vain
  The secret strange to know,
While the moments of mirth and grief and pain
  Move on in their ceaseless flow.

And at night, when I kneel to a Higher Power,
  And ask His tender care,
One yearning cry of a wayward life
  Is the burden of my prayer;
That I may bend with willing lips
  To kiss the chastening rod,
And learn the way through the golden gate
  To the great white throne of God.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—[CONTINUED.]

THINKING that Doctor Kinsley or her father had returned in haste for something they had forgotten, Millie ran out and opened the hall door before there had been time to ring the bell.

As she did so, she started back with a faint cry of mingled surprise and pleasure, which changed into alarm.

Lord Dereham stood there, travel-stained, pale as death, a great sadness, a great eagerness in his face.

"She is here?" he said huskily in the low, spent voice of a man exhausted physically and mentally. "She is here, is she not?"

He strode into the hall as he spoke, and caught Miss Harrison's two little hands in his, pressing them with a force which almost hurt her.

"Who?" she asked in a startled voice. "Do you mean Maud?"

"Yes; my wife. She is here. Ah! for Heaven's sake, tell me—she is here, is she not?"

"She is not here, Lord Dereham," Millie said very gently, wondering at the strangeness of his manner, his wild and haggard look. "She is not here."

His hands loosed hers; he staggered as if struck by a heavy blow, and fell backward, leaning against the wall and looking at her with wild, incredulous eyes.

"Not here," he repeated with white lips.

"Not here."

There was a moment's silence; then the young man stood erect, and forcing a smile, which was sad enough to bring tears into Millie's pretty blue eyes, he said tremulously—

"You are jesting with me, are you not?—you are jesting, surely. Maud is here—with you—with her father; there is nowhere else for——"

The words died away upon his lips; he looked at her mutely, entreating her to reassure him.

"Lady Dereham is not here," she said very gently. "Did you expect to find her here? Perhaps she missed her train, and ——"

She paused. It was quite evident that he was not listening to her, that only the first few words had reached him.

He turned slowly from her with dim, blind eyes.

"Thank you," he said unsteadily. "She is not here, so I must go and find her."

He made a step or two towards the door, groping his way as a man might do who was suddenly stricken blind; then paused, and put out his hand as if seeking some support.

In an instant Millie was by his side, and taking his hand, led him to a hall chair near.

He sank into it heavily, his arms drooped helplessly by his side, his head sank forward on his breast, he looked like a man overwhelmed.

The girl stood by him in silence, the tears standing thickly in her sweet, compassionate eyes.

He was so strangely altered from the gallant, handsome young fellow whom she had last seen on his wedding day, and who looked so worthy of his beautiful bride: this man was pale, and haggard, and worn, he seemed ill and strengthless, bowed and feeble.

The truth was that the earl was exhausted to faintness.

He had eaten nothing since the previous evening; he had spent some hours of agonizing suspense.

His journey had been a tedious one, the minutes seeming hours to his impatience; and he had kept himself from despair only by the constant thought that Maud had gone to her father.

He had believed in his heart that she was at Ivyholme; he knew she had no intimate friends out of Berkeley, and he had felt that if he could see her again and plead his cause now, when she had had time to think over her wild resolution, she would forgive him.

He had anticipated a painful scene perhaps, he had expected reproaches and tears, but he had not expected to be met with the blank announcement at which Millie's heart bled.

The girl moved away softly into the dining-room; dessert and wine were still upon the table.

She poured out some wine and brought it to him; but she spoke to him twice before he took any heed of her, and then his eyes met hers with hardly any recognition in their glance.

"Drink this," she said gently. "You are tired and exhausted; it will do you good."

His hand shook so as he raised it to his lips that the glass rattled against his teeth; he swallowed a little of its contents, then put down the glass.

"Thank you," he said more calmly than he had yet spoken. "I fear I startled you. I am sorry, but—but I expected to find her here, and——"

"Did Maud say she was coming here?" Millie asked gently. "Did she tell you that she was coming to Berkeley?"

"No, but there is nowhere else, and she has left me."

"Left you?" Millie repeated, staring at him and trembling a little in her turn. "Left you?"

Had he taken leave of his senses? she wondered.

Was he mad? Maud leave him—her husband, whom she loved so passionately!

"Yes, she has left me," he said with a great weariness in his voice. "I must go and look for her."

Again he turned to the door, but Millie interposed; she saw he was utterly unfit for any further exertion until he had had rest and food.

"You must not go," she said firmly. "Doctor Kinsley and my father are out just now, but they will be in very soon. You must see Doctor Kinsley; Maud may have written to him—it is likely. You cannot go without seeing him."

He turned to her with a gleam of hope in his despairing, dark eyes.

"Has she written? Perhaps she telegraphed?" he said, hesitating whether to go or stay. "I cannot——"

"There were two or three telegrams for Doctor Kinsley to-day," Millie said quite truthfully. "I do not know whence they came. Lord Dereham, pray do not go," she added earnestly. "You can do nothing until you have seen Doctor Kinsley. Please come into the drawing-room while I tell them to get you something to eat. You have not dined, of course?"

"Thank you," he said huskily: "I could not eat. Do not trouble."

He followed her into the drawing-room, moving rather like a man walking in his sleep.

He felt dazed, and confused, and faint, and the room seemed to whirl around before him as he sank down heavily into an arm-chair and rested his head on his hands.

A strange half-hour followed; strange, at least, to Millie, whose anxiety increased momentarily.

The earl himself seemed quite unconscious of the passing time; he sat motionless, his head resting on his hands, his dark eyes fixed broodingly upon the carpet.

Barnes, looking as much surprised as so well-mannered a servant could look, had brought in a tray with refreshments, but the young man declined it by a gesture.

Millie had taken up her work, and tried to continue it, but the effort was not a very successful one.

Between her and the gay-colored silks and wools would come the pale, haggard, despairing face of the young earl, which she had known so bright and glad, and her mind was busily occupied in wondering what had occurred.

That Maud should leave her husband seemed almost incredible to Millie, who knew how passionately she had loved him, and who had had, only a few days ago, a letter from the young countess, full of happiness and content; but that something had happened was most certain, and something very terrible; no slight event could have changed him as much as a long illness could have done.

So, with beating heart, and rather unsteady fingers, the young girl tried to busy herself with her embroidery, while she felt sad and sorry for the anguish on Lord Dereham's face, which since she was a woman, touched her far more than any tears or hysterics in one of her own sex could have done.

After a while the earl lifted his head and glanced around the room with sad and weary eyes.

It was so familiar to him, and yet so strange; he had spent so many happy hours in it with Maud during the few months which had elapsed from the time when he had received the letter which had helped to bring about this misery and their wedding: it was passing strange to be there without her now! There ought to be roses in the room, too.

Maud was so fond of roses; she always filled her vases and the old china bowls with them, and she generally wore some white noisette roses in the bosom of her black gown.

It almost seemed to him that he could see her now coming towards him with that lovelight in her eyes which made them so softly bright, and that smile of glad welcome which seemed to fill the room with sunshine.

Presently his passive despair seemed to give place to overpowering impatience; he rose, and began pacing up and down the long room, pushing the furniture out of his way as if the least obstacle were unbearable, and, if he paused now and then from exhaustion, it was only to resume his perambulation the next moment, and Millie's heart ached at the impatient misery on his face.

About an hour had elapsed when the sound of rapid wheels approaching the house announced the return of the dog-cart.

Lord Dereham did not heed, probably absorbed in his thoughts he did not hear them; but Millie rose at once, stole noiselessly from the room and met Doctor Kinsley in the hall.

He was alone, for his partner had remained with their patient alone during the remaining hours of the day, to be relieved at midnight by Maud's father.

The surgeon was already grave and troubled about the "case," the patient was a tradesman of the town of some standing, with a large family dependent upon him; his was a valuable life, and both medical men were more than usually interested in saving it; but, absorbed as he was, he saw the anxiety on Millie's face.

"What is it, my dear?" he said kindly; "has anything happened?"

In a few broken words, which were hardly coherent, the girl was so startled and anxious, she told him that Lord Dereham was in the drawing-room, that Maud was with him, that he had thought to find her here, that——

But he waited to hear no more; the words were scarcely spoken when he left her, and hurried into the drawing-room.

Lord Dereham stopped suddenly and turned to him.

"You have heard from her?" he said without waiting for any more formal greeting.

"From Maud! I have heard nothing, Ivor! What is the meaning of this? Pull yourself together," he added hurriedly, as the earl staggered and put his hand to his head. "Tell me what has happened."

"This has happened," the young fellow said despairingly; "that Maud has left me."

"And you do not know where she is gone?"

"No, I thought she had come to you, but ——"

"I know nothing. Ivor, what is this? There must be strong reason for such an action. What have you done to my dear child?"

"Nothing, but loved her dearer than my life," the young man answered passionately. "Listen and judge between us."

He told the doctor briefly of the reason of his wife's flight, of the deception he had practised, of Maud's passionate anger; and Doctor Kinsley listened in silence, feeling, in truth, greatly incensed against his daughter. He had, from the first, forbidden her to think seriously of any engagement between herself and Arnold; he had had no thought that, notwithstanding his prohibition, she would consider herself bound. In his eyes, Graeme had always been a guilty man, and he had set his seal on his guilt by his flight. Under no circumstances would he have permitted his daughter to marry him, and he had not thought, for a moment, that she considered herself engaged to the fugitive. Even while he blamed Lord Dereham for keeping the fact of his recovery from Maud, he could not but acknowledge that it had been wise to do so, and he blamed the girl severly for her imprudence and folly; while Ivor thought, sadly and hopelessly, that Doctor Kinsley might have changed his opinion had he known the truth: that Arnold was not a fugitive criminal, suffering for a crime he had committed, but a blameless man, enduring a martyrdom for the sake of the woman he loved, and of those dear to her.

"I gave Maud credit for better sense," said the doctor testily. "I don't think you need take this freak much to heart, Ivor! Does she say nothing of her plans in her letter?"

"Nothing."

"She left your house alone in a cab this morning, leaving your servants under the impression that she was coming here?"

"Yes; the cabman took her to Waterloo Station."

"Had she luggage?"

"Only her traveling bag."

"And you followed her?"

"Yes."

"Then there's nothing to be done but to wait and see what the morning's post brings in," Doctor Kinsley said quietly. "You can do nothing to-night. Is Nicholas here?"

"No, I left him in London. He knows. I can trust him."

"That is all right then," said the doctor in the same quiet manner. "He is on the spot if he is wanted, and you can do nothing more to-night. Besides you are worn out, you want rest, and to have you down with brain fever will not improve matters. You have eaten nothing all day, I suppose? You must have some dinner, or rather supper, for it's nearly ten o'clock, and then you must go to bed."

The young man looked at him for a minute with dim eyes, he could hardly believe that he heard the quietly spoken words aright, then he rose slowly and mechanically.

"I cannot rest until I find her," he said in a low tone, the voice of a man utterly spent and exhausted. "I must go. I must go and find my wife."

As he tried to move, his strength failed him, and he caught at the chair for support.

"This is folly," he exclaimed with a little impatient gesture, drawing himself up. "Doctor, can't you give me something? All my strength seems gone, and—and—I must go! I tell you I must go and find my wife."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE lilac faded, the golden laburnum tassels shriveled and died; June and July came with their roses, and sweet perfumes, and long days; then autumn followed in due course,—autumn, with its rich hues, and shortening days, and harvests,—but Maud had not returned to her husband, nor had any tidings of her been received, save a few lines to her father, posted in London, which said that she was well.

The anniversary of their wedding day came and went,—the day which they had planned together to make so happy a one to all the poor of the neighborhood,—but there were no rejoicing at Dereham, the great Castle was closed, left in charge of the servants; the earl and countess were supposed to be abroad together; only the inmates of Ivyholme knew the truth, that Lord Dereham was wandering about the towns and cities, worn out, weary, wretched, returning even to London, where, as he had lost her there he thought he would be able to find her again.

It was strange, it was unaccountable, how completely she had disappeared. After some hesitation the earl had resolved to have recourse to professional aid; but whether the delay before it was sought rendered it useless, or whether the detectives had a theory of their own on which they acted,—and which, being a mistaken one, marred their progress,—they failed to discover any trace of the beautiful countess who had appeared on the horizon of Society, like a brilliant meteor only to vanish away.

When the winter came, a bitter winter that year, bitterly cold, with heavy snowstorms and hard, black frosts—it found Ivor a bent, bowed man, looking many years older than his years; grave, morose, silent, with many a silver thread mingling with his dark hair, and a smile which was fortunately rare, for it was sad, and cold, and bitter.

To a man suddenly cut off from all the enjoyments and pleasures of home, life is always a dreary and unsatisfactory thing; but to the earl, whose life had been lonely until his marriage had made it perfect, it was almost like despair.

Those months of married life had been such happy ones; they had been so full, so blessed, so perfect, nothing had been lacking to their happiness, that the blank, the wretchedness which followed were most terrible; and once or twice he had said in his heart, with the one reproach of her which had ever crossed his mind, "How could she condemn me to it—how could she?"

It seemed sometimes to him and to Doctor Kinsley, who paid him several visits in London, that the only thing that lived in him was sorrow.

He seemed to have no interest in life save that one absorbing unceasing, never-ending search for her, and when the months went by and this continued to be unsuccessful, it seemed as if he would sink under the load of despair.

Outwardly he gave no sign of grief, his manner never lost its changeless, unalterable calm, his voice never rose above the low, languid tones which had been familiar to him, but it had acquired a tuneless, flat sound which spoiled its harmony; he seldom spoke of Maud even to her father; but for one minute of the day she was never absent from his mind, and Doctor Kinsley knew that it was so, and once or twice it seemed to her father that Maud's folly would cost her husband his reason or his life.

But calm as the earl was outwardly, beneath that quiet exterior smouldered an undying fire of anxiety and love and pain. If he had known something about her, about the woman he had loved so well and cherished so fondly, he might have borne the separation from her more calmly; but it was his ignorance that bowed him to the ground, that made life an agony.

She might be ill, he thought, pacing up and down his rooms in the restless, sleepless nights which were such anguish to both body and mind; she might be in poverty, and he could do nothing for her, while his wealth weighed upon him like an intolerable burden, since it was powerless to help her he loved so well! There were moments when the thought of her alone in London, young and lovely as she was, and penniless and friendless, made his heart almost stand still for a moment, then throb to suffocation and frenzy at his own powerlessness.

Ah! whatever the future might have in store for Ivor Berke, whatever joy might come to compensate for these bitter days and nights, their memory would always live in his heart, and nothing would ever quite heal that wound dealt him so cruelly by the little hand he had loved so well.

But he never blamed her; no crueller reproach of her ever came into his heart than this one, "How could she do it? How could she make me suffer like this?"

The spring came again; twelve long months had elapsed since Maud had left her husband; and its freshness, and fair coloring, and glad sunshine brought back the happiness of the last spring, when he and Maud had returned to England full of hope and joy, and love; and to the young man

in his loneliness the whole world seemed desolate.

The freshness and fragrance of the reviving spring penetrated into the dingiest parts of the great busy city, into those portions of it where men and women are too busy even to heed the changing seasons, save to feel less miserable in the summer than when shivering in the bitter cold of the winter.

Even in the east end the sun was shining brightly and cheerily, the hawkers were crying bunches of fresh flowers, wallflowers, and lilac, and the few shrubs and scanty trees in the little enclosure of Calton Square were putting forth their fresh green shoots, which would, alas, soon lose their dainty coloring in the murky air.

Calton Square was a quiet and respectable locality, inhabited chiefly by city men such as bankers' and lawyers' clerks, and others occupying responsible but inferior positions in some of the great mercantile houses, and the corner house, as is not unusual in those circumstances, was occupied by a doctor, as the name on the brass plate and the red lamp over the door testified.

The name in this instance was that of Ernest Blake, M.D., and the tenant of the corner house was no other than Doctor Kinsley's assistant at the time when Lord Dereham's gamekeeper was shot.

He was a new comer in the neighborhood, and probably as yet had few patients, for at mid-day on a fair May morning he was still lounging over his breakfast and carelessly glancing up and down the columns of the morning paper.

Presently he threw this aside, and after a swift look at the clock, he lazily rose from his elbow chair and began slowly pacing up and down the rather barely furnished room.

The years which had elapsed since he left Berkeley, few as they were—but two in number, had changed Ernest Blake greatly and aged him more than such a space of time usually does.

There were lines about his face which spoke of rather a reckless and dissipated life.

He was handsome still in his way, but his was a face which, while it bore its present expression, was not one to inspire trust and confidence.

As he paced slowly up and down the room, he gave occasionally a somewhat impatient glance at the clock and frowned slightly now and again.

"Will he come?" he muttered to himself. "Will he come or not? Has he given up his search, wearied of it? He has so many other things to make life pleasant, he can dispense with her perhaps! Bah, that is not likely," he added, throwing back his head with a characteristic gesture, both defiant and careless. "He loved her madly, wildly! It was a perfect infatuation! Almost as great as her own. What folly, what madness to leave him," he continued after a thoughtful pause. "To give up all her wealth, her position, honor, and luxury for such a trifle. Can it be that after all she loved the painter and only married the earl to have the means of assisting him? Women are such strange creatures and have such very strange notions of honor."

He laughed to himself, a quiet little cynical laugh, which left something very like a sneer on his face.

"Yet she is so beautiful," he said in a minute, his face changing and a flash of eager passion brightening his eyes for a moment. "Even now, changed as she is, she is more beautiful than any woman I ever saw. She trusted me, too, and if he were safely away, I——"

He broke off suddenly; a hansom had stopped at the door and stood waiting outside.

The horse bore evident traces of rapid driving; a gentleman sprang out, hurriedly mounted the steps leading to the hall-door, and rang an impatient peal of the bell. Doctor Blake smiled to himself with an air of satisfaction.

"He has come then," he said aloud. "I thought he would."

Almost immediately the middle-aged housekeeper, who was the only attendant Doctor Blake employed, brought in a card, held gingerly between her finger and thumb, handed it to her master, and announcing that the gentleman was in the other sitting-room, went back to her work.

For a minute Ernest Blake hesitated, then he went across the little passage to the sitting-room opposite, where Lord Dereham was awaiting him, and entering the room closed the door after him carefully.

The earl was standing by the table in the centre of the room, which like the other was barely furnished, but unlike the other was perfectly neat.

He turned eagerly as Doctor Blake entered, and a look of half-puzzled recognition came into his eyes. The doctor advanced and bowed gravely.

"Your lordship does not remember me?" he said quietly.

"Your face is quite familiar to me," the earl replied; "but I cannot remember where we met. Your name, too," he added, glancing at an open letter he held, "I know well, but I don't remember either——"

"It is hardly likely that such an insignificant person as I am should have kept a place in Lord Dereham's memory," the surgeon said gravely, with an undertone of bitterness, "especially when so many and great distractions must have occurred since we met at Berkeley."

"At Berkeley," the earl echoed, looking at him in surprise.

"At Berkeley, where, for some months, I held the position of assistant to your lordship's father-in-law, Doctor Kinsley."

"Ah, I remember now," the earl said quickly. "How stupid of me to forget. I am glad"—he held out his hand frankly—"to meet you again."

There was an almost perceptible hesitation before the surgeon took the proffered hand.

Perhaps he felt himself that, with such a purpose at his heart, he was unworthy to touch the hand of the man he was about to betray.

He mastered the feeling, and their hands met for a moment.

Then he pushed forward a chair to the earl, who sat down, while he himself pulled up a chair to the opposite side of the table and seated himself.

Covertly glancing at Lord Dereham as he sat opposite him, Doctor Blake saw almost with surprise the change in him; the worn, haggard face, the many silver threads in the closely-cut dark hair, the weary eyes, and sad mouth.

He saw too that the earl had lost nothing of his old air of extreme distinction and grace, that air which had unconsciously irritated the surgeon every time they had met.

"You wrote to me, Doctor Blake," the earl said in somewhat agitated tones; "I received your note this morning; I have lost no time, as you see, in answering it in person."

"So I see, my lord."

"In the note," continued Lord Dereham, again glancing at the letter he held open in his hand, "you tell me that you can give me some information about a matter in which I am deeply interested, which is, you say, very near my heart. There is only one thing very near my heart just now," he added, with a faint, sorrowful smile; "and that is——"

"Lady Dereham's disappearance," said the doctor coolly. "I quite understand, my lord, and you are right in supposing that is the subject on which I wished to see you. Did I—I am not quite sure—say that I could give you some information about that? If so, I was at fault; I have no information to give you."

The earl changed color, the surgeon, looking at him keenly, saw the change on his face and smiled slightly.

"But, although I have no information to give you," he went on quietly, "I think I may be able to assist your search, hitherto so strangely unsuccessful."

"If you can, you will have my truest gratitude, my most sincere thanks," said Lord Dereham earnestly. "There is no reward I would not give to one who gave me back my wife, or——"

"But if she is not willing?" said Doctor Blake quietly.

—"Or who gives me the opportunity of providing for her as I would wish," the earl said steadily, although his heart was throbbing wildly. "Of course I would not force her inclinations; she knows that, but——"

The doctor little guessed what a throbbing heart and quickening pulse lay under that quiet, almost indifferent exterior; he was a keen-eyed man, but his vision was not clear enough to see how unselfish Lord Dereham's love had made him, and how content he was to suffer if she could but be happy.

"You are absolutely ignorant of her whereabouts, my lord?" said Doctor Blake quietly.

"Absolutely, unhappily."

"You have, of course, used your utmost endeavors?" the young surgeon went on in a tone of kindly sympathy and interest, which was admirably feigned. "You have spared no pains in your search?"

"I think not," the earl replied sadly; "but I fear the delay which occurred at first was fatal to our hopes."

"Fatal! I trust not," the doctor echoed gravely. "Yet it seems very strange that the detectives should be at fault in so simple a matter. Lady Dereham's great beauty would, I should have thought, have made her a most noticeable figure everywhere. Was she well known in London?"

"No; she had only been presented the day before she left me. May I ask, Doctor Blake, how you became aware of my misfortune? You have not been recently at Ivyholme."

"Oh, no. It was by the merest accident," answered Doctor Blake with a slight smile. "These things will get about, Lord Dereham, however carefully they are kept secret. Society journals, you see, are most impertinently intrusive, and never hesitate at a statement which is likely to make the paper sell well."

"I had hoped the Society journals had spared us," said the earl with a sad smile. "I am fortunate in having very faithful servants, but I suppose people will talk. But I presume," he looked gravely and keenly across the table at the surgeon's handsome, rather worn face, "I presume you had some other object in bringing me here than to discuss this with me, Doctor Blake. Have you not, as your letter at least implies, something to tell me which is of importance to my search?"

"I think I have," the other answered quietly. "But although what I have to say may have—nay, I believe it will have—some importance as a clue to Lady Dereham's probable whereabouts, I cannot believe, unfortunately, that it will be agreeable to your lordship."

"Agreeable," echoed the earl, starting slightly. "You must have bad tidings indeed, Doctor Blake, if they are not agreeable to me. I have been so anxious. She—she is not ill?"

"I believe not. I believe her to be well," replied Doctor Blake quietly. "Lord Dereham, would you think me very intrusive if I asked you why Lady Dereham left you?"

The earl lifted his head somewhat haughtily.

"Can that have anything to do with the matter in hand?" he asked coldly.

"I think it can," Doctor Blake answered coolly. "It must have required a strong reason, a very strong reason, to induce Lady Dereham to leave her husband. And," with a slight, cynical laugh, "not only her husband, but the position he had given her, the luxury, the splendor, the jewels, and the title he had laid at her feet."

"Her reason was no doubt a strong one, sir," the earl replied haughtily. "But if you——"

"Pardon me, my lord," the surgeon said suddenly rising. "If you have come here unconvinced that I feel towards you as a friend, that I am anxious to serve you and the unhappy woman in whom I, for auld lang syne's sake, am as much interested as almost anyone could be, then our interview had better end here."

The earl had risen also. Something in Ernest Blake's voice as he spoke of his wife nettled and stung him beyond endurance, and yet his anxiety to know something about her was great enough to make him overlook even this.

"Had I not been assured of your wish to serve me, or rather perhaps to serve Lady Dereham, Doctor Blake, I should not be here," he said, less haughtily, but with some coldness still in his voice and manner. "If you can assist me in my search for her, if you can give me any clue to her whereabouts, my gratitude shall take any form most pleasing to yourself."

"Your lordship is very good. I need no other reward than the pleasure of helping you and Lady Dereham, from whose father I received much kindness. Pray sit down again and listen to me patiently, although I fear what I have to say will be displeasing to you."

Half reluctantly Lord Dereham sat down again.

He was very pale, Doctor Blake saw, and the slight hand, lying on the green baize cloth which covered the table, was somewhat unsteady.

"Your lordship has doubtless not forgotten the unfortunate death of your gamekeeper Kirby?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor the inquest, at which both your lordship and myself were present?"

"Nor the inquest."

"And still less I fear will your lordship have forgotten the avowal Miss Maud Kinsley made before the coroner and his jury of——"

He paused, glancing at the earl.

"Of her engagement to Mr. Arnold Graeme?" said Lord Dereham, his voice changing in spite of himself. "No, I have not forgotten it."

"Has your lordship ever thought how great her love for Mr. Graeme must have been to induce her to make such a confession at such a time?" said the doctor, leaning slightly forward and looking keenly at the earl's handsome, haggard face which was even paler than it had been when he entered.

But it did not change as the surgeon expected it would at the question.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I have often thought how very deeply she must have felt Mr. Graeme's position to make such an avowal at such a time, especially as——"

"Especially as?" queried Blake quite eagerly.

"Especially as it was not true," continued his lordship with the same quietude of manner.

Doctor Blake started.

"How do you know it was not true?" he asked.

"I knew it afterwards," Lord Dereham said quietly, though conscious that he had been wrong in speaking the words.

"From herself?"

"Yes, from herself."

Doctor Blake smiled.

"Your wish must have been father to the thought, my lord," he said with the slightest sneer. "Probably it suited Lady Dereham's purpose that you should think so; but the engagement did exist, and it had existed for some days before the night on which Joe Kirby died."

"And what then?" said Lord Dereham quietly.

"What then?" echoed Doctor Blake. "Why that, if her love were great enough to overcome her horror of his crime, it is great enough to live still, even though she be the Countess of Dereham."

A sudden flush mounted to the earl's face; the words had sufficient echo in his own heart to make the sting doubly sharp; but the knowledge of Arnold's innocence made those relating to Maud's "horror of his crime" harmless to hurt him.

"Lady Dereham's friendship for Mr. Graeme will last her lifetime," he said very quietly. "My own is hardly less sincere."

"Your own?"

"My own!" replied the earl coolly, regarding him frankly.

"Then, if that be so," remarked Doctor Blake quietly, with a sneering and most unpleasant smile, "I have troubled your lordship unnecessarily, and must apologise for having brought you here on a useless quest."

"I did not know my visit here related to Mr. Graeme," the earl said, startled in spite of himself by the smile and tone which the other had assumed; "but to my wife."

The doctor smiled again, a meaning, significant smile, and bowed quietly, as if to say that the interview was at an end.

Lord Dereham moved slowly towards the door, then paused, with his hand on the handle.

It was inexpressibly painful to him to speak of his beautiful, pure wife to this man; and yet if by trying to avoid personal pain himself he lost an opportunity of discovering her whereabouts, would he ever forgive himself?

Did he know anything, he wondered? Could he know anything of Maud? Ah! surely he had not written without having something to tell him; he could not be wantonly cruel—he would not have brought him there, and raised his hopes, only to overthrow them again.

"Doctor Blake," he said earnestly; "be frank with me. What do you know of my wife?"

"I know nothing, Lord Dereham."

"Then your summoning me here was but wanton cruelty, to raise hopes which you could not realize?"

"You would not hear me."

"I came prepared to hear you."

"But not to believe me," the other answered with a smile. "I told you that what I had to tell you would not be pleasing to your lordship. At the very first hint at my meaning, I saw it would be useless to explain more fully. I should be exceedingly loth to disturb a faith which honors your lordship so highly, however much it may be mistaken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEATHER SIGNS.

The boy who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed.

On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about it, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night. The sun is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper colored)—this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo around the sun at setting occurs in long continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of a downfall at hand. Rainbows are unreliable, except that they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun dogs and fragments of prismatic colors during the day show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metallic lustre on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

Huge piled-up masses of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low-hanging, pale brown, smoke like clouds are floating about. Red tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain. Mists at evening over low lying ground, or near a river, precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine; but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain; and heavy dew in the evening by a fine day. Rain follows two or three consecutive hour frosts. A shower of hail in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night.

If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs, and to window frames the rain will return; but if they fall and the woodwork dries, fine weather is at hand. Stones turn damp before wet: at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain; for they will do so occasionally before heat. Smoke descending heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather. Objects at great distances, which are generally indistinctly seen, or even not seen at all, sometimes loom out clear and distinct. When this happens, bad weather or change of wind ensues. A well known instance of this is the Isle of Wight, as seen from South-sea. If the opposite shore is clearly seen, there is rain about. If, at night, after being blown out and exposed to the outer air, the wick of a candle continues to smoulder a long time, the next day will be fine. Green colored sky betokens unsettled, bad weather, often long continued. If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rise in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that a downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at time of the vernal equinox (March 21, and thereabouts) that will be the prevailing wind throughout the next three months. If the stars appear unusually numerous, and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there is a misty appearance over the stars, rain is coming, while if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale steely sky, it will be fine. Swine, before rain, are usually noisy and restless. Swallows in fine weather will fly high, and at the approach of rain close to the ground; but the latter does not apply if the day is cold, in which case they hawk very low.

Common sparrows washing vigorously in a puddle on the road, or at the edge of running water, is a sure sign of rain. A baker, who kept a parrot in the dry atmosphere of the bake office, noticed that a few hours before rain the bird took an imaginary bath, fluttering, as if splashing water, and preening her feathers.

DEAR HOME, FAREWELL.

BY WM. W. LONG.

When the summer's sunset flushes
Come o'er the dear old home,
And evening's gath'ring shadows
Bade the tender fancies come—

Then I said farewell in sadness,
To all I loved so well,
With tenderest love and yearning,
No more with them to dwell.

Yet memory ever lingers
Around my heart in pain,
For the old home of my childhood
I'll see no more again.

Dear home of my boyhood's pleasures,
Of my manhood's memory;
Not all the years that are coming
Will bring me love like thee.

Not woman's passionate beauty,
Not all the fame of earth,
Will bring to me such happiness
As linger round thy hearth.

Ah! fair and sinless picture,
You in my heart shall dwell
While love and life are with me—
Sweet home, dear home, farewell!

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SEVERELY elegant in appearance in her costume of plain rich black silk and lace—perfect in fit and style—and her bonnet of crimson tulle, mademoiselle sits reading *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* as if she has not one troublous thought in connection with the petty cares of every-day life.

"Good morning," Lady Nora says briefly and not over-civilly. "You wished to see me, I believe, mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle bows gracefully and smiles sweetly.

"Good morning, Lady Nora. Yes, I did. I am anxious about the poor dear people here, you see."

She speaks as if she were the beneficent patroness and protectress of the whole Dormer family.

"It is a smash-up, you know," she adds, descending to broad vernacular—"a regular up set of everything, Lady Nora, as I told you yesterday evening. I am glad to see you are wise in time."

"What do you mean, pray?" Lady Nora asks, with chilling hauteur. "The fact that you have obtained some knowledge of my private affairs in some extraordinary manner gives you no right or title to advise me or presume to interfere——"

"You will persist in taking that tone with me, Lady Nora," mademoiselle interrupts, arching her eyebrows and shrugging her shoulders. "It is very foolish of you. I am in no need of your friendship, I assure you; and you are giving yourself a lot of useless trouble in pretending to keep me at arm's length."

"I don't know whether you are friend or foe," Lady Nora mutters, half cowed. "Nobody can tell whether to trust you or not. Mrs. Vavasor says so too. You are in Lord Pentreath's confidence, and you are in Lady Pentreath's confidence; and now you seem to be in Joyce Murray's confidence, and——"

"I'm in everybody's confidence," mademoiselle finishes gaily. "I'm everybody's useful humble friend, and help everybody out of their troubles to the utmost of my small ability."

"Everybody's friend," Lady Nora repeats in accents of scorn.

"I am," mademoiselle says undauntedly. "You can't say I am not yours, I'm sure. I have rescued your faithful adorer from perishing in the outer darkness of your coldness and disdain."

She fairly giggles in malicious glee as she sees Lady Nora bite her lip vengefully.

"Things were very bad with him, I assure you; he'd have done something desperate if I hadn't thrown myself into the breach. As it was, he was worrying Lord Pentreath's life out with letters about you and your cruelty and ingratitude and breach of faith. There—you know how a furious lover will talk, Lady Nora."

Lady Nora is biting her lip mercilessly and clenching her jeweled fingers, and seemingly is on the verge of tears of rage.

"I consider there has been a shameful breach of faith on the part of Lord Pentreath," she says in a half-choked voice. "I thought I could trust my own kinsman to keep the story of my troubles to himself. It was shameful of him. You have of course your own motives for all this," she adds, turning on mademoiselle and shaking with passion—"this prying and ferreting out of people's private affairs."

"Of course I have," mademoiselle retorts, with modest assurance. "I am devoted to the interests of Lord and Lady Pentreath, who are my most kind and generous friends; and I want to make myself useful to them, and spare them trouble, and take the worries on myself, because they always say, 'We can trust you, Isabelle, to do things discreetly and delicately, and hear and see and say nothing.'"

Lady Nora's disdainful red lip curls.

"An indefatigable toady," she says insolently.

"That is how you can account for faithful service. I am not surprised at it," mademoiselle responds with dignity.

"And where, pray," Lady Nora asks, her curiosity overcoming her spleen, "does your devotion to Miss Murray's interests come in? In piecing together a damaging story of her flirtation with Captain Glynne, and that foolish business of the rings and all the rest of it?"

"I never said I was devoted to Miss Murray's interests," mademoiselle says candidly. "I do not even like Miss Murray; and I told you that I only wished to know the truth of that affair about the rings because she has told falsehoods about it to my friend Lady Pentreath."

"Who is inclined to make a favorite of her, and so you want to get rid of her," Lady Nora rejoins sneeringly. "Two of a trade cannot agree in Pentreath Place."

"Any one but you, Lady Nora," mademoiselle says calmly, but with a tigerish look in her gleaming eyes and on the hardening muscles around her mouth, "would think it absurd to count us as rivals—a girl of Joyce Murray's position, beauty, and fortune and poor Isabelle Gautier, Lady Pentreath's companion."

"You know best whether it would be so very absurd," Lady Nora retorts, with a keen look. "You are not so extremely humble-minded and unambitious as you pretend. By-the-bye, why on earth do you keep up that absurd French name? Your name is Glover—Bella Glover you were when you were Mrs. Vavasor's nursery-governess."

"Simply because I prefer the French form of my name," Bella Glover answers quietly; "and Lord and Lady Pentreath have expressed no disapprobation at my continuing to call myself so."

"Oh, they know?" Lady Nora questions, involuntarily betraying her surprise and disappointment at this news.

"Yes, of course they know," mademoiselle replies austerely, drawing herself up and looking down at Lady Nora's brilliant little figure. "Did you think I would condescend to sail under false colors, Lady Nora? I am not afraid or ashamed of anything my friends may discover in my life," she adds, with a scornful smile.

Lady Nora winces perceptibly and turns away her head.

"I did not suggest that you were," she mutters hastily. "You said you wished to see me. What is it? I must go——"

"Or even poor Mr. Carter's long-suffering patience will be worn out!" mademoiselle breaks in, showing her teeth in a smile, and looking at Lady Nora with an expression that makes her cower more and more—she has not much moral courage or loftiness, poor little woman—only the petty insolences of a pretty pampered creature, when she fancies it is safe to play them off.

"Your ladyship is going to reward him fully, I trust, for all his waiting and enduring and trusting?" mademoiselle says mockingly. "That was one of the things I had to say to you. Your friends here—the poor Dormers—have smashed up completely, and poor Yolande has got her beloved good-for-nothing back again, and so you are best out of it all, Lady Nora. Mr. Carter's money is as good as theirs, even if it wasn't made in a very high-class business," she laughs maliciously. "Fancy quartering the 'three brass balls'! But there's no use in being too particular."

"I don't know by what right you presume to be so impertinent," Lady Nora says, trembling with wrath, "or how you dare to proffer me advice and intrude yourself into my private affairs."

"You use that tone though you know your head is in the lion's jaws and at any minute he may bite it off," mademoiselle rejoins, laughing. "It's plucky of you, but not wise. I don't acknowledge you as my superior in anything but the prefix to your name, madam; therefore I cannot be impertinent. And I am offering you advice for your good, as I said before, and in the interests of my friends Lord and Lady Pentreath first, and the Dormers next, and Yolande Glynne, your poor little daughter-in-law, last, but not least."

"You acting in the interests of Lord and Lady Pentreath," Lady Nora cries, her tones shrill with rage and disdain. "Truly a worthy family adviser. As if any one could be made to believe that you would act for any one's interests but your own. The Countess's waiting-maid turned into the Earl's Mentor."

She has gone just a little too far, as she tells herself with a secret spasm of fright. Isabelle's face grows ashy pale and her eyes are lurid.

"I am acting in the interests of the Earl and Countess, and following their directions—believe it or not, as you please," she says, a faint venomous smile flickering about her white lips. "Lord Pentreath is most anxious you should marry Mr. Carter, or Mr. Anybody, who can keep you amply supplied with money, and take you out of the Glynne family for good and all. Ever since that business of the forged cheque, you see—— Dear me, what a look. As if you did not know yesterday evening that I knew all about that pretty Cheltenham episode in your life."

"You know nothing—you are only trying to discover from Pentreath's vile slanderous talk. He always hated me, that man, as much as I hated him," Lady Nora gasps, plucking at the lace on her dress, and shivering with excitement, but flashing defiance still at her tormentor.

Isabelle Glover laughs, and goes on deliberately—

"Lord Pentreath, ever since then—three years ago—has been apprehensive of your falling into somebody's hands less amenable to the persuasion of your tears and charms and humbug than poor Mr. Carter—rich Mr. Carter, I should say. Yes, you had better hurry in to him now. I'm sure he must be quite tired of waiting for you."

"I won't go—I won't. Don't you dare to dictate to me," Lady Nora cries, stamping violently on the floor and looking about her distractedly. "You are slandering me vilely; you are Pentreath's tool. I will appeal to my son Captain Glynne to protect me against these insults. My son and my daughter-in-law both love me, and will protect me and bring you and Lord Pentreath and every one else to account for these insults."

"Dear me—how very foolish of you to give way to your temper and talk such nonsense," Isabelle remarks coolly. "You are quite spoiling your appearance, do you know? You looked wonderfully well when you came into the room—you look quite agitated now. You know I am presuming to advise you only for your good, Lady Nora. You can expect nothing further from the Dormers, and even your devoted daughter-in-law will be absorbed in her husband; and, as there will probably be a little family by-and-by, and all sorts of domestic expenses, and not twopence a year to spare, I really think, as I said before, you are well out of it."

"Dallas will never come back to her in poverty," Lady Nora declares sullenly—"he told me so. He will never come back to live on her money; and, since Lord Pentreath behaved so shamefully to him about his allowance, there is nothing but those few hundreds a year of Yolande's. They can't all live of course on such a pittance as that, so I see no likelihood of my poor boy having a wife or a home. It is much more probable," Lady Nora adds, in a martyr-like tone, "that he and I will go abroad and try to find some cheap quiet place to live in by ourselves, out of the reach of those cruel wicked relatives of ours who have wronged us so."

"Ah, I don't think that your son would exactly care for that, even if it suited you," Isabelle responds, with cool contemptuousness. "And I fancy also that your son is not quite pleased with you for the part you have played in keeping Yolande from knowing of his return. It wasn't the conduct of an unselfish loving mother, you know, leaving your beloved son to earn his bread hardly, while you spent the best part of his wife's money on your milliner's bills."

"I did nothing of the sort," Lady Nora retorts. "Dallas told me he would not come back to Yolande. He had no money to be independent of her, and she had treated him too badly, he said. It was entirely his own wish and determination to stay away."

"Ah," Miss Glover says as coolly as before, "he has changed his mind now, though, since he saw her. Lady Pentreath is going to bring him back to his wife to-morrow evening."

"Lady Pentreath is going to bring Dallas back to his wife to-morrow evening?" Lady Nora echoes, frowning and incredulous. "What are they to live on, pray?"

"Oh, they will eke out an existence somehow—bread-and-cheese and kisses!" mademoiselle answers cheerfully. "And take my advice, Lady Nora—don't you interfere by word or deed to prevent their coming together. Now poor Mr. Carter! Do think what a fortunate woman you are, with a rich lover waiting patiently for you in the next room, who is ready to be an indulgent devoted husband any day you wish!"

"Nonsense!" Lady Nora says curtly; but she sweeps across the wide room impetuously, with her trailing silks and lace-edged skirts twirling behind her, pulls back the portiere and opens one of the folding-doors, passes through, and shuts it behind her with an angry clash, but not before Isabelle Glover's quick ears have caught the sound of an ardent ejaculation of welcome from the patient lover, sitting wearily so long—an ardent ejaculation with an aspirate fastened on a like burr—

"Lady Nora—my bangel!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I FEEL," Miss Glover says to herself, as she goes softly up-stairs, "exactly like the virtuous character in a play. I am going about adjusting wrongs and awarding rights, punishing the evil and rewarding the good. I really believe that, when everything is comfortably arranged and I have every obstacle removed out of my path, I shall grow quite pious. It is easy to be pious when everything is going smooth with you. As Bunyan says, 'People like to walk with religion when he goes in his silver slippers.' Yes," the astute young woman murmurs softly, glancing at herself and her tall elegantly-robed figure in a full-length mirror in one of the rooms she passes, "I shall certainly study the role more and more. And I sha'n't call myself a hypocrite either for doing it. It is only a careful observance of certain forms, so far as I see."

She is a little dubious on this last point, and temporises with herself.

"At all events, I am quite determined that by-and-by I'll perform every duty scrupulously, and be very charitable, and very kind and gracious, and all that sort of thing, and be perfectly faultless in word, so that the most censorious old maid can't find a flaw in my conduct; and that will be doing good to every one and harm to no one, which is religiousness, so far as it goes."

And then she recalls certain ruthless and unholy deeds of hers in the past, and thinks of certain ruthless and unholy deeds in the future before she can reach the peaceful "by-and-by" to which she looks forward as a season of grace and goodness. There are several prostrate necks, metaphorically speaking, beneath Miss Glover's merciless heels. There is one—the fairest of all—Joyce Murray's—to be trodden under foot yet.

"An aristocratic adventuress—she is nothing better—angling for a married man's coronet!" the virtuous Isabella mutters, setting her teeth close. "A false treacherous flirt, an avaricious sordid creature, for all her blue eyes and yellow hair and patrician graces! I'll thwart her schemes—winding my lord the Earl round her little finger as she is doing lately, and worming her way into my poor Countess's kindness and forgiveness, because she knows her days are numbered as well as I do! Ay, I'll thwart my quite too-charming Joyce and demolish her plots and plans if I have to ruin myself to do it!"

And in this Christian frame of mind Mademoiselle Gautier meets Miss Dormer, a pallid, red-eyed, woe-begone, poor old lady wandering aimlessly about, carrying her spectacle-case and her knitting-basket in her hands, and occasionally searching vaguely for both those articles, until some one reminds her that she is in actual possession of them.

She is an excellent subject for the practice of Isabelle's new role, in which she is anxious to be perfect; and when, after a little soothing and sympathising, the poor old lady pours out all her griefs and fears and woes, Isabelle comforts her with such sweetly wise remarks that Miss Dormer says afterwards with some enthusiasm that she always thought "dear ma'm'selle" had "a beautiful mi-end," but now she is sure of it!

Meanwhile Yolande is being comforted in another fashion by Lady Pentreath, who is sorrowfully kind and gentle and friendly as Yolande has never seen her before; and she finds herself vaguely wondering if it can be possible that she not known the Countess for a very long time—if she is not an old acquaintance and a trusted friend—she seems able to talk to her so freely and confide in her so fully.

"Then you and your husband are quite reconciled—quite good friends, Yolande?" she asks earnestly for the second or third time. "There are no misunderstandings, no divisions now between you, you are quite sure?"

"Quite sure that we are reconciled and very good friends, at all events," Yolande answers, with a faint blush and a fainter smile; "but, as I said before, Lady Pentreath, this loss of fortune must make a great difference in our lives."

"It need make no difference in your feelings towards each other if you are sincerely attached to each other," poor Maria, Lady Pentreath, says in her prim formal way—in her chill existence, "attachments" have been very slender ligaments indeed.

"I am attached to him, at all events; the love is on one side if it isn't on the other," Yolande replies, with a sort of bitter passionateness; "I love him with all my heart and soul, and the air he breathes, and the ground under his feet!"

"Hush, hush!" the Countess says, looking shocked, but putting her hand affectionately on Yolande's shoulder. "My dear child, you must not love any poor human creature—a poor ephemeral mortal like yourself—in that sinful fashion. You must not imagine," Lady Pentreath goes on, resorting to the hackneyed warning to adoring lovers, "that he has no fault. You will find out he has as many as yourself."

"More, I think," Yolande retorts undauntedly. "I shouldn't love him so much if he hadn't been so cruel to me!"

"Foolish girl!" the Countess says, smiling and sighing wearily. "I hope he will not continue to reward your devoted affection in the same manner. I trust he will try to reciprocate it—at least as much as husbands ever do."

Yolande steals a quick pitying glance at Lady Pentreath's thin haggard face, and wonders if, when youth and hope were in her blood, she ever dreamed of Lyulph Glynne "reciprocating" her affection.

"It is a sad thing," she continues, with a far-away look in her sunken eyes, and in a low dreary voice, as if speaking to herself, "when one starts in married life with too fond and tender a heart. You are sure to get crushed."

"I think mine was crushed before I started at all!" Yolande remarks, with a half-convulsive laugh.

"Oh, no!" Lady Pentreath says gravely. "You must live with a man, and bear with him, and endure him, and suffer through him, and weep bitter tears on account of him, and spend sleepless nights, and be patient under neglect, and smile when your heart is sore with jealousy, and forgive his selfishness and cruelty, and live in friendship with him through all and everything, and bring children into the world only to see them die and leave you alone to look at their graves, before you know that your heart is crushed out of all capacity for joy or tenderness."

Yolande shudders at the dreary summary.

"I hope I shall not live to suffer all that," she remarks.

"You may," Lady Pentreath says gravely. "And, when one comes to the end, Yolande, as I have, it doesn't seem much to look back on, after all. Time and its woes and joys seem trifling things beside eternity."

"Lady Pentreath," Yolande asks, with startled questioning eyes, "why do you speak like that?"

"Why?" Lady Pentreath repeats, with a faint smile. "Because it is true, and time is nearly over for me, Yolande, and eternity very near, I believe."

"Oh, don't say that! You are not so very ill, are you?" Yolande exclaims, with a terrified shamed feeling of being cruelly selfish and unobservant of the sorrows and sufferings of those around her, and with a horrible selfish gladness, which is thrilling her through, that what she loves and prizes—the centre of the universe to her—is safe from death, has vitality and youth and strength, hers to have and to hold close to her heart for many a day. "Dear Lady Pentreath," she adds—and she is so sorry and ashamed and frightened and excited that she cannot keep from weeping—"you are no worse than you were when I saw you first, are you?" An idea flits through her mind that it only an outcome of the poor Countess's hypochondria, this dreary belief.

Lady Pentreath shakes her head and answers quite quietly and cheerfully—

"The disease had not developed itself at all then, Yolande. It has lately advanced very rapidly. There is only one chance for me—an operation; but they do not know yet if they can perform it. The doctors have told me so plainly. It is very good of them to speak so candidly to me. I have no hope for myself. I have made arrangements—settled my few worldly affairs. Why do you cry? I am rather glad than otherwise," the Countess says mildly. "I am looking forward with happiness to the better life beyond, in the world that sets this one right. And, speaking of that, there are a few things I want to set right while I may—the separation between you and your husband, Yolande, for one thing. But you have reassured me on that point. There is to be no more separation or misunderstanding or jealousy between you two, is there, dear?"

"No," Yolande replies slowly. "That is, I will try, Lady Pentreath, that there shall not be if Dallas come back to me."

"Dallas will come back to you," Lady Pentreath says quickly. "But you are not jealous of your husband, Yolande? You have no real reason to be, you know. You would not accuse Joyce Murray of anything so cruel, so base, as a deliberate attempt to win another woman's husband? Answer me, Yolande!"

Her sunken eyes are gleaming, her breathing is quick and labored, her pinched haggard features are sharpened with intense feeling; and Yolande wonders vaguely how it is that she never knew Lady Pentreath cared so much for her pretty young cousin Joyce Murray.

"I cannot say what I do not think," she answers unwillingly, the long-smothered fire in her bosom bursting into a flame at this questioning. "I was jealous of my husband and Miss Murray, and I had cause—I had! She made me suffer tortures. He says I need never be jealous again; but I should be if I saw him with Joyce Murray. I hate the very sound of her name—it seems to spell 'fiend'!

"I think her a false, cruel, selfish woman who threw away his love when she might have had it honestly, and then tried to rob me of it. I shall never forget what I suffered through her; and she knew I suffered and enjoyed my misery. I am sorry if you like her, Lady Pentreath. I look on her as the curse of my life?"

"Hush, child—hush!" the countess says hoarsely, wiping her brow; and Yolande sees that the delicate cambric is wet when she removes it. "You—you are exaggerating I hope. I thought Joyce Murray was only a little thoughtless. And of late she has seemed quite different. And I do not want to think it is all assumed for her own purposes. I could not think without great pain that my mother's sister's child would be a traitress to me!" Her last words die away in a hoarse sob, and she covers her face. "Give me something to drink, please, Yolande—I am so faint and thirsty."

And, when Yolande comes back with a glass of claret-and-seltzer, Lady Pentreath's sad pallid face is composed as usual.

"Will you tell Isabelle I am going, dear? And to-morrow evening Captain Glynne will dine with me, Yolande. I have some business matters to talk over with him; and then after dinner—about nine o'clock—I will bring him round with me, and say good-bye to you both together."

"To-morrow evening?" Yolande repeats, with a joyous quiver in her voice, cheeks and lips and eyes all aglow with gladness. "Will you really? How good of you to befriend me so now, dear Lady Pentreath! But are you going back to Wales so soon?"

"I do not know," the Countess answers, in the same patient mild tone she has used before. "But I will say good-bye to you both to-morrow evening, in case I do not see you again, Yolande." With motherly gentleness she puts her arm around the girl-wife's slim lissom form. "How are you going to receive him, Yolande, when I bring him back to you?" And Yolande clasps both her soft hands around poor Lady Pentreath's thin skeleton-like hands, and kisses her warmly.

"This way!" she replies, laughing and crying together.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EARLY on the following afternoon Lady Pentreath's carriage draws up before the Baltimore Hotel, and the hall-porter stands at "attention" as two ladies descend and enter the hotel—two tall and stately ladies, the younger the richer dressed and far more elegant of the two—and inquire for "Mr. Dallas."

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" the hall-porter repeats, bowing, but looking confounded; and, stepping back towards the office, he says in an undertone, "Mr. Davison!"

A tall, vulgar, showy handsome man, exceedingly well dressed, and with fine small diamonds flashing on his white fat fingers, comes forward bowing and smiling. Through the glass panels of the door he sees the carriage and bays, and sees an earl's coronet shining in the sun.

"Dash the fellow! Half the British Peerage will come inquiring for him!" he says, inwardly savage with petty spite, outwardly showing his teeth through his big black glossy moustache, and smiling.

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" he says, dividing his bow equally between Lady Pentreath and mademoiselle; but, shrewdly guessing that the plainer-looking lady is the grander of the two, he bows again to her. "Or Mr. Glynne, I believe I should say? I regret to say, madam, Mr. Glynne is not in the hotel at present."

"When do you expect him back?" Lady Pentreath asks curtly. She is feeling very ill to-day, and, besides, being a gentlewoman, every instinct makes Mr. Davison repellent to her. "My card-case, Isabelle! Will you please give him that the moment he returns, and say I am waiting to see him?"

Mr. Davison reads, "The Countess of Pentreath," and bows until he shows the top of his head and its thick moist-looking black hair.

"I regret very much to have to tell your ladyship that I do not know when to expect Mr. Glynne back," he says reluctantly wishing heartily that he could concoct any likely falsehood which would detain the Countess of Pentreath in friendly conversation with him for a while longer. "The moment he comes back I will of course give him your ladyship's card; and any message your ladyship may intrust me with shall——"

"Where has Captain Glynne gone?" interrupts the younger and haughtier and more elegant lady very imperiously.

"Maybe a countess's sister or daughter, or a duchess, for all I can tell," Mr. Davison thinks uneasily. "Well, I guess I can talk to any female swell of them all!"

"I really can't say, madam," he answers mademoiselle. "I am very sorry indeed."

"Has Captain Glynne left the hotel—left his situation here?" the imperious lady interrupts again.

"Well there was some little misunderstanding," Mr. Davison says fawningly, "about a very trifling matter—can be put to rights in a moment—but Dallas—Mr. Dallas—Captain Glynne, I mean—was very much displeased—a most trifling cause, I assure your ladyship"—very confidentially to Lady Pentreath—"and left here last night or this morning."

"And his present address, please?" the young lady asks, with a flash of her eyes, opening her silver card-case and taking out the pencil.

"Captain Glynne left no address, madam," Mr. Davison answers sourly, seeing that neither his bows nor smiles nor his personal appearance produce any effect on these frigid members of the British aristocracy. "He will call for letters doubtless either to-day or to-morrow; and, if you or Lady Pentreath have a letter or message, it shall be delivered to him instantly."

"I have left my card," the Countess says briefly, looking at her companion, and not at Mr. Davison. "We can do no more now, Isabelle."

"No," agrees Isabelle, watching Mr. Davison very keenly. "If you will please give Captain Glynne Lady Pentreath's card and message, that will be all."

She inclines her head slightly—the Countess has already moved on—and they both sweep out to their carriage again, leaving Mr. Davison gazing after them and gnawing at his moustache recklessly, to the great detriment of the shining brown cosmetique with which it is dyed and glossed.

"I've a dashed good mind to pitch my lady Countess's card into the fire, and say nothing about either it or her message!" he mutters savagely. "I will too if that stuck-up beggar, my Lord Dallas, cuts up rough with me the next time he shows up here! His chit of a lady-wife and his countesses and duchesses! I don't care a fig for the whole lillin' of 'em!"

"We can do no more, Isabelle," the Countess repeats wearily, as the carriage rolls homeward. "I am very much disappointed. I wished so much to see Dallas Glynne again! His poor little wife too! You must go over to Rutland Gardens after dinner, Isabelle, if he does not come, and explain the delay to her. Poor child!" Lady Pentreath says sadly. "She is counting the hours until she sees him, I suppose!"

She is counting the hours—nay, the very minutes she has turned into a gigantic sum, from which she joyfully subtracts every ten that pass!

She has had his room prepared for him, and has stolen in herself after the housemaid has gone, to put fresh roses in the delicate pink specimen-glasses that stand here and there, to fill the massive cut-glass toilet bottles with perfume, and to place some of his favorite poets' and novelists' works on the writing-table and cabinet shelves.

She arranges and rearranges the draperies everywhere, so that the golden afternoon sunshine shall only gleam and sparkle softly on the furniture and ornaments, and changes the doilies and antimacassars for a set worked by her own hands in daintiest silk crewel embroideries.

There are pretty candle-shades to be fitted on the mantle-shelf candles—yellow shades with purple pansies; and Yolande wonders anxiously whether Dallas will like yellow candles or plain white sperm. And on the cabinet she puts two velvet-covered easel-frames holding two large handsome photographs—one of Dallas, one of herself. They have never been taken together, and this one of Dallas taken in uniform, in its crimson plush frame, has been her most precious earthly possession next to her wedding ring.

Her own picture she takes away twice and replaces twice, but at last, with many misgivings, decides to leave it. As she stands at the door for a final glance at the dainty apartment, all delicate pink chintz and white lace, embroidered linen, snowy fur rugs, and crimson carpeting, she tells herself that Dallas cannot help being pleased with his room. It looks charming, and it is sure to be much nicer than any room Dallas has occupied lately, even at the Baltimore Hotel.

It is certainly much nicer than Captain Glynne's present apartment—a dingy "tidy" room, a second pair back in a "decent" street near Theobold's Road—a street the aspect of which is suggestive of a model convict prison in the vicinity—where, on a small iron bedstead fronting a narrow painted wooden washstand, Dallas Glynne is lying, ill and feverish in mind and body, moaning with pain and vexation of spirit, an unwilling prisoner in this cheerful apartment twelve feet by ten, with nothing to look at but "The complete bed-room suit for five guineas as advertised," nothing to think of but his own miserable condition—lying here helpless from a badly-sprained ankle, for which he has to thank a hasty omnibus-conductor and some greasy mud—out of a situation, homeless, friendless, and with six pounds in the world between him and destitution.

And the next day comes, and the next, and the next, but no message or letter from Dallas Glynne reaches any one.

His poor young wife has written twice to him—tender and beseeching letters, begging even for his address. Lady Pentreath has written, and finally mademoiselle has called at the hotel. But Mr. Davison only informs her that all letters addressed to Captain Glynne are lying there waiting for him, but he has never called or sent for them.

"And I guess I don't expect he will call here again," adds the manager, with disagreeable significance.

It is five days later than the day on which he had left his situation at a few hours' notice, in consequence of the unbearable insolence of Davison the manager, when Captain Glynne, pale and ill, gets feebly out of a cab and limps into the hotel office with the aid of his stick.

"Any letters for me, Mr. Marsh?" he asks briefly but civilly.

"Mr. Davison has your letters, Mr. Dallas," Marsh replies, glancing with a flurried uneasy look into the inner office and avoiding Captain Glynne's eyes. "Mr. Dallas has called for his letters, Mr. Davison," he says putting in his head and speaking in a queer dubious voice.

"They are all afraid of their lives of this vulgar bully," Dallas thinks with bitter contempt.

"All right!" the gentleman in the inner office responds coolly; and, walking out presently, with a patronizing smile he hands Dallas three letters. "There you are," he says graciously. "What's wrong with your leg—hurt it?"

"Thank you," Dallas says quietly, taking the letters and ignoring Mr. Davison's questions. "These are all?"

He cannot keep the tone of sharp pain out of his voice. He does not know that his enemy is waiting to hear it, and is gloating over it and the look of blank dismay that is in his eyes; for a dagger seems to quiver in his breast at the sight of those letters. He knows the writing of all three—one is from a man who owes him money and pays him in apologies, the others are from acquaintances about an appointment to dine at the exhibition. Not one line from his wife Yolande!

"Yes; did you expect more?" Davison asks, with insolent amusement in his subtle eyes.

Dallas does not answer this question either, being almost speechless from the shock of his cruel disappointment.

"She repented of her generosity; or perhaps my mother talked her out of it!" he thinks, setting his lips hard lest he should betray himself by a word or sigh.

"Thank you. Good morning," he says very quietly, in a low voice, and then goes away without a word or a question more.

STRANGE SUICIDES.—It is said that a person "so disposed" can be killed by the shock of good news as surely as by evil tidings. A very curious incident occurred to a journeyman in the employment of a large firm being unexpectedly made manager and thereupon committing suicide. The disturbing cause seems to have been the fear of responsibility and the sense of incompetency to fulfil the duties of a new and important office.

A catastrophe of even a more painful kind took place in another great house in the same city some years ago. One of the clerks, after many years' faithful service, was offered a partnership, which he declined upon the ground of not possessing the minimum sum requisite for investment in the concern. "That shall be no obstacle," said the principal, "for I will advance it to you myself;" and so the matter was arranged. But on the very first day of the new partner taking possession of his desk he blew his brains out, leaving a few written words behind him to say why. He had been embezzling money from the firm for many years, though in such small sums that the whole amount was trifling, and there was no chance of the defalcations being discovered. Remorse and the sense of benefits undeserved had been too much for his tender conscience.

Scientific and Useful.

BOILERS.—Every steam boiler, for whatever purpose employed, ought to be opened, cleaned, thoroughly examined and tested, at least once a year.

AXLE-GREASE.—An excellent home-made axle grease is said to be made of two parts tallow, two parts castor oil and one part of pulverized black lead.

SOFTENING IRON.—To soften wrought iron, heat to a low red heat, and cool it in soft soap; then reheat to a low red, and let it cool in lime. This makes wrought iron very soft.

POISON IVY.—If any person who is liable to poison with poison ivy will take pure olive oil after being exposed to it he will feel no bad effects, and the oil will neutralize the evils of the poison if a few doses be taken even after the poison has broken out.

BELTS.—In guiding belts on or off it is best to protect the hand with a sack or piece of cloth held in the hand, but never wrapped around it or the wrist or arm. A stick is liable to be caught by the pulley or belt, drawn between the pulley and belt into other machinery, or thrown swiftly, striking you or some one else.

THIRST.—Water cannot satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations; but the thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, swallowing it in as large pieces as practicable and as much as is wanted.

BOILS.—Of all measures says a famous doctor, applied locally to boils the best results are obtained from tincture of iodine. He paints the boil with a thick coating, and sometimes a single application is sufficient to cause the inflammation to subside; it is better, however, to make the application several times a day for several days. He does not recommend the early opening of boils, but if evacuation of pus be necessary antiseptics should be used.

DAMP WALLS.—For painting walls or other objects exposed to damp a composition is said to be much used in Germany formed of very fine iron-filings and linseed-oil varnish. When the object to be painted is to undergo frequent changes of temperature, linseed-oil and amber varnish are added to the first two coats. This paint may be applied to wood, stone, or iron. In the case of the latter it is not necessary to free it first from rust or oily matters.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—Use manure which comes from well-fed animals only. If the manure be strawy or poor mix bonedust or phosphates with it. Oats and corn mixed in equal weight make a good ration for fattening, especially young sheep.

LIGHT AND DARK.—Potatoes and most vegetables will keep better in a dark, damp cellar than in a light, dry one, and will keep better in a cool cellar than in a warm one. Light is injurious to the potato, rendering it strong and unpalatable.

CORNS.—Corns on horses come from bad shoeing and allowing the shoes to remain too long before removing, contracting the foot similar to tight or bad fitting shoes on people. Cut them out and fill cavity with pine tar, pack tow in and have shoes so nailed on as to spread the hoof—remove often.

THE STALLION.—The stock company plan of buying a draft stallion has proved so successful that it is becoming quite a common thing for five or ten farmers to unite in buying a stallion. Some of these report 40, 50 and 60 per cent. profit annually, besides improving their horses and benefiting the community.

WATER-TIGHT.—Is the bottom of your stable cellar water-tight? Perhaps you say you cannot afford to cement it, but you can less afford to have it leak, and where clay can be had the work of a few rainy or blustering days will make it water-tight, and save you the best part of your manure. It is an easy way for a farmer with twenty-five head of stock to save $100 a year.

SHRUBBERY.—It is to be regreted that the wholesale planting of herbaceous flowering plants has almost entirely driven from our garden the old-time shrubbery. Only a few years ago, no garden was considered finished unless it contained one or more attractive flowering shrubs. In some localities where these shrubs had secured a good start they are being taken up to give place to summer-flowering plants. We believe it all wrong. Fashion (for fashion rules in flower culture as well as wearing-apparel) should not be allowed to deprive us of our old favorites.

THE AGE OF EGGS.—A French paper recommends the following process for finding the age of eggs and distinguishing those that are fresh from those that are not. This method is based upon the decrease in the density of eggs as they grow old. Dissolve two ounces of kitchen salt in a pint of water. When a fresh-laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom of the vessel while one that has been laid on the day previous will not quite reach the bottom. If the egg be three days old it will swim in the liquid, and if it is more than three days old it will float on the surface, and project above the latter more and more in proportion as it is older.

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The True and False.

A famous preacher remarks that manliness means perfect manhood, as womanliness implies perfect womanhood, and nothing can be truer. Manliness is the character of a man as he ought to be, as he was meant to be. It expresses the qualities which go to make a perfect man—truth, courage, conscience, freedom, energy, self-possession, self-control. But it does not include gentleness, tenderness, compassion, modesty. A man is not less manly, but more so, because he is gentle. In fact, our word "gentleman" shows that a typical man must also be a gentle man.

True manliness is humane. It says, "We who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Its work is to protect those who cannot defend themselves; to stand between the tyrant and the slave; the oppressor and his victim. It is identical in all times with the spirit of chivalry which led the good knights to wander in search of robbers and giants and evil kings and lords, who oppressed the poor, and robbed helpless women and children of their rights.

There are no tyrant barons now, but the spirit of tyranny and cruelty is still to be found. The good night to-day is he who provides help for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, who defends animals from being cruelly treated, rescues little children from bad usage, and seeks to give working men and women their rights. He protects all these sufferers from false manliness, which is brutal and tyrannical to the weak, which abuses its power over women and children and domestic animals.

The true knights to-day are those who organize and carry on the societies to prevent cruelty, and to enforce the laws bearing upon those who for a little gain make men drunkards.

The giants and dragons to-day are those cruelties and brutalities which abuse power and ill-treat those who are at their mercy.

Courage is an element of manliness. It is more than readiness to encounter danger and death, for we are not often called to meet such perils. It is every-day courage which is most needed—that which shrinks from no duty because it is difficult; which makes one ready to say what he believes when his opinions are unpopular; which does not allow him to linger, or postpone a duty, but makes him encounter it at once; a courage which is not afraid of ridicule, which is not the slave of custom, the tool of fashion.

Such courage as this, in man or woman or child, is true manliness. It is infinitely becoming in all persons. It does not seek display; it is often the courage of silence no less than speech; it is modest courage, unpretending though resolute. It holds fast to its convictions and principles, whether men hear or whether they will forbear.

True manliness draws its strength from religion. It look up whatever things are good, true and excellent. It reverences the divine element in all earthly phenomena. Seeing an infinite grandeur manifested in the lowest and most minute works of the creative power, it reverences God as the all in all.

Unless we have faith in something above ourselves, our strength goes out of us. Our power comes from a boundless faith and hope; from a conviction that amid these changes of time there is something unchangeable and eternal. Reverence for a divine presence in the soul and in nature is the support of all true manliness.

By manly qualities the world is carried forward. The manly spirit shows itself in enterprise, the love of meeting difficulties and overcoming them; the resolution which will not yield, which holds on and perseveres, and does not admit the possibility of defeat. It enjoys hard toil, rejoices in stern labor, is ready to make sacrifices, to suffer and bear disaster patiently.

It is generous, giving itself to a good cause not its own; it is public spirited, devoting itself to the general good with no expectations of reward. It is ready to defend unpopular truth, to stand by those who are wronged, to uphold the weak. Having resolved, it does not go back, but holds on, through good report and evil report, sure that the right must win at last. And so it causes truth to prevail, and keeps up the standard of a noble purpose in the world.

If one be born with infirmities of body or brain, he is handicapped for the earthly race, and there is reason for his complainings and failures; but he who comes upon the course well equipped with the qualities of a vigorous manhood, and in recklessness or with a show of false pride, sets at defiance the plain teaching of science and nature, eats and drinks, acts and works, without regard to propriety and order, at home and abroad, will suffer the inevitably just consequences of his wantonness in the wrecked body and degenerate mental functions that should make him a spectacle of warning to others. We should more earnestly recognize the fact that moral culture has much to do with promoting health and preventing one from falling into any form of morbidness. A strong sense of duty and high motives tend to keep one in the right path. The appetites and passions are not over-stimulated by emotions that prompt to usefulness and keep the intellect steadily engaged in a worthy direction.

The question, "How much pleasure will such a thing afford me?" is a more frequent one than "Is the proposed pleasure of a worthy and elevating nature?" Contrast the pleasures of health and vigor with those of dissipation and excess. They are of an entirely different order. The devotee of the latter chooses what will bring to him the most immediate gratification, and thus degrades himself lower and lower. But, could he be brought to choose instead the higher kind of delight—that of the free step and clear brain of bounding health—the lower kind, which wars against it, would soon become distasteful. So with the pleasures of idleness compared with those of industry, of wasteful expenditure with judicious thrift, of dishonest gains with an unsullied honor, of crimes committed under the misnomer of liberty with the life which finds true freedom in obedience to just laws—on the one hand the pleasure is degrading and ruinous, on the other it is uplifting and progressive.

Each soul largely crystallizes and collects its own society. As in brine tanks at salt wells the brine gathers to itself and causes to be deposited in the bottom of the tanks the impurities of the brine, while butter causes the salt to crystalize and settle, then to go on its mission as a savor of life unto life, so a selfish or impure spirit in man collects to itself all the impurities of human nature and life, while a loving or noble spirit causes all the good qualities to crystalize and to become operative and intensified. So each soul makes and molds its society.

The object of our earthly existence is not happiness, but the accomplishment of a duty, the exercise of a mission. Every man is here in order to make good triumph over evil, God's truth over the devil's lies and appetites. A desire, a wish is not enough. Every thought of good which you do not try to realize becomes a sin. Man can develop the fulness of his faculties, moral, intellectual and physical, only by placing before himself for his object, not the highest happiness, but the highest nobleness possible; by raising within himself the idea of the dignity and the mission of humanity, by kindling in himself the flame of self-sacrifice, by learning to appreciate more and more the common life of all his brothers in God.

Some people say that "life is hardly worth the living, it is so cheerless, that clouds and sunshine are mixed in an unequal proportion, and there are none who care for them." Such grumblers are often those who should be the most thankful. And they really think that it is so—that this life, which for each of us is full up to the brim and overflowing with God's mercy, is not worth living! Is not life the gift of God, and therefore an inestimable blessing? Is it not a priceless privilege to see the glorious sun rise, to have sight and hearing? If we cannot find any one to care for us, examination will prove that the fault lies with ourselves. Our lives are our own to shape, and if we render ourselves worthy of friends we shall have them.

While we are making good resolutions let us determine to avoid slander, and not say anything behind a person's back that we would not repeat to his face. If all would maintain this position, what an advantage society would gain. With no evil speaking, no detracting from the fair fame of a neighbor, no attributing of unworthy intentions to worthy deeds, heaven would truly have begun on earth.

Do not waste these golden moments in dallying between "I would like to" and "I fear to;" but trust in God and go forward, and the difficulties which seem to stand as mountains before you, shall be found to be like the Egyptian pyramid, which at a distance seems insurmountable, but which on a nearer approach proves to be provided with steps which reach to the very top.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a State; like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another; so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions.

Were we to listen now to all the good resolutions we have at anytime formed, all the clear, distinct and solemn promises we have made to ourselves, we should find that nothing is required of us in the gospel except to keep our own word.

It is worthy of note that the men and women who think most highly of themselves and most meanly of others are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy the smallest return of personal effort.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.

The person who obtains secrets from you through pretended friendship, and then uses the information thus obtained to injure you, is devoid of honor and more to be despised than a snake.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

There are treasures laid up in the heart, treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death when he leaves this world.

We may choose a life of sin with all its consequences, but we cannot choose the life of sin without its consequences.

Flowers are God's thoughts in bloom.

The World's Happenings.

Iodine is obtained from sea weeds.

The Sultan of Morocco has 6,000 wives.

Raspberries are ripe in Placer county, Cal.

A Southern fur company wants 100,000 cats.

There are 90,000 women on the pension rolls.

Tortoise shell jewelry has come back again.

There are 6,033 Grand Army posts in the United States.

Chicago rejoices in the possession of a cross-eyed cat.

Baker county, Oregon, is larger than any New England State.

Sydney, Neb., has an ornamental high school with one pupil.

A coal train of 18 cars was blown from the track near Denver, Col.

A Spaniard has turned the whole Bible into poetry, 250,000 stanzas.

The shortness of the fingers when carried to excess betokens cruelty.

The business of the United States Supreme Court is four years behind.

The chief of a tribe of Digger Indians worships a stone churn as his god.

There are 408 members of Congress, but only 282 are connected with churches.

It is proposed to build a bicycling path between New York and Philadelphia.

The lobster lays from 2,000 to 12,000 eggs, of which probably 1,000 are hatched.

A cargo of flour in paper barrels has just been received at New York from Akron, O.

"Faith, hope and climate" is the motto of an association organized at Los Angeles.

T. W. Higginson has written a logical article to prove that men are as nervous as women.

Among the designs for a church window in Wisconsin was one with angels who wore bustles.

Gamblers' fines amounting to $1,000 have just been added to the school fund in Chicago.

The entire Okefinokee swamp in Georgia and Florida can be bought for about ten cents per acre.

Japanese judges wear a black gown when proceeding in civil cases and a red one in criminal cases.

The Irish brogue is sixteenth century English; and those who imitate it often miss the real point.

A Waterbury, Conn., firm is making a pair of twenty-six inch shoes for a citizen of North Carolina.

Mr. Labouchere declares that it costs the British people $3,200 a year to feed the pheasants in the royal parks.

The New York State Senate has passed the bill to make September 1 a legal holiday, to be known as "Labor Day."

Although Kansas crops are spoken of being a partial failure last year, she boasts of having 140,000,000 bushels of corn.

The Russian minister at Washington is allowed $25,000 a year by his government for the purpose of giving entertainments.

William L. Scott, of Erie, is said to be the largest individual coal worker in the world. He employs 10,000 men in mining and shipping.

There is a blind boy in Brooklyn who takes dictation on a type writer faster than any known expert in the possession of good eyesight.

There is a woman living in a fashionable New York hotel—one of the old families—who coaches people for society, charging five dollars an hour.

Quelpaert, an island in the Yellow Sea, is the most worthless piece of dry land on earth. Grass will not grow there, nor water run, nor fire burn, nor animals live, and the stars even will not shine upon it.

Nellie De Comay, the midget, who is 45 inches high and weighs 120 pounds, recently became the mother of a healthy son, weighing 7 pounds. Nellie is a niece of Mrs. Tom Thumb. Her husband is 6 feet 3 inches tall.

A baby dressed in expensive and elegant clothing was found recently in a snow bank beside the Chicago and Northwestern Railway track near Milwaukee. It had evidently been thrown from the window of a passing train.

When sleeping a rat rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body; no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound.

The Indians on a Digger reservation, a Western journal states, had a big dance one evening recently, to which many whites were invited. A number of them went in and witnessed the dance, but, upon attempting to leave, they found the old chief at the door, who told them it cost nothing to go in, but it would cost 25 cents a head to get out.

A "materializing medium," who had been amazing people in Boston for some time by calling up supposed forms of their deceased friends, was subjected to the grabbing process by a Boston jeweler and a party of his friends one night recently. Inside the curtain were found concealed four little boys and a girl, and the usual trick trap was found in the cabinet.

Mrs. Clara Doane, of Harwichport, Cape Cod, celebrated her 98th birthday on the 20th ultimo. She received her guests with an old tobacco pipe in her mouth, and smoked throughout the reception. She said to one of her horrified lady callers: "I've been a smokin' now nigh on to eighty years, and if there's anything that kept me alive all those years it's tobacco."

HUSH!

BY ANNE ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves,
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer crouched in the forest,
And children were at rest:
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!"

A Passing Fancy.

BY C. W. Y.

John Armourer was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a wealthy widow, who had at nineteen married a man old enough to be her father, and been to him a faithful wife and nurse for seven years. Then he died, leaving her handsomely provided for, and sole guardian of her child, who would one day be the richest landowner in Loamshire.

It was hardly to be expected that the lad should not be somewhat spoiled, since his mother declined to marry again, and devoted herself to him. She disliked public schools, and therefore had John educated entirely at home, under her own supervision.

He had governesses and tutors innumerable, but profited little by their instructions for he was not a "bookish" boy, and the plea of "fatigue" or a "cold" was enough to induce Mrs. Armourer to have lessons suspended for the day—for she was nervously anxious about his health. The boy was not slow to see and take advantage of her weakness; but, notwithstanding this coddling, he grew up better than might have been expected; he developed however an obstinacy of character against which authority was almost powerless.

At two-and-twenty he was in appearance the beau ideal of a country gentleman, tall, broad-shouldered and well built, with skin slightly tanned by exposure, fair hair and moustache, and well-opened blue eyes—a young man who was the "catch" of the county, much flattered and run after despite his mother's extremely jealous precautions; and, though he thought himself exceedingly sharp, he was as ignorant of the world as one of his years could well be.

Mrs. Armourer, being piously inclined, mixed little in county society. London she called "a sink of iniquity," and she would not allow "her John" to pass a season there without her. It was difficult to persuade so home-loving a woman to move annually to the capital, and, except for short visits undertaken from time to time to see the Chancellor, neither mother nor son saw anything of the Great City.

"My boy shall marry a country girl," she often declared, "a young woman of worth and family, not a frivolous worldling or the extravagant daughter of a cotton-lord"—by which epithets she was understood to designate a certain Lady Cecil Corton who had come on a visit to a Loamshire magnate for the pedigree. Both these ladies were "reasonably suspected" by Mrs. Armourer of having matrimonial designs upon her son; but the young man was innocent of their manœuvres, if manœuvres they were.

The anxious mother, who desired ardently that her boy should marry a wife of her choosing, looked far and wide amongst her acquaintances for a suitable daughter-in-law, and at last discovered the paragon she sought in the person of Ida Havelock, a pretty brunette with gentle ways, good fortune, and undeniable ancestors.

She, with her mother, was invited to the Abbey; and Mrs. Armourer had the good sense not to overpraise her to John, but, like a wise woman, inclined rather to the opposite extreme, so that he did not expect to meet a girl as charming as the pretty diminutive visitor proved to be. The result was that, when, six weeks later, a telegram summoned Mrs. and Miss Havelock to Mentone, where the elder lady's sister lay dangerously ill, Ida left the Abbey pledged to return one day as its mistress.

"You will write often, darling?" said John with a very miserable expression of countenance. "I shall miss you so much!"

He stood by the train that was to convey his lady-love to London, taking a last look at her, having done yeomen's service in arranging wraps, checking luggage, and supplying her with the illustrated papers the little bookstall at Suddingham afforded. Ida promised, a fussy guard banged the door, there was a hurried kiss and a hand-clasp, the whistle sounded, and the train moved slowly off, leaving John looking very blank.

Mrs. Armourer bore with her son's despondency for three days, and then she began to fear for his health, and reproached herself for not having paid more attention to his increasing pallor and loss of appetite.

"Why not take a run to Helmstone, dear?" she asked. "The sea-air will brace you up. Helen Crossover writes that her father is much better already. Do go, my boy."

"But you'll be lonely, mother," said the young fellow, though in his heart the prospect of a change was welcome enough.

"Not I," returned his mother bravely. "I shall ask Mary Mason down for a few days. I know you don't like her, but she amuses me."

"Couldn't you come too? You want a little change as much as I do."

"No, no! I am such a stay-at-home that I like the Abbey best; besides, you must be by yourself—bathe, ride, walk, and so on—while if I went you would fear I was lonely in strange apartments, and insist on staying indoors with me."

This was a wonderful proposal to come from Mrs. Armourer, for it meant the emancipation of John from leading-strings; but, now that he was securely engaged to a nice eligible girl, she thought she might trust him out of her sight.

So it was settled; John's portmanteau was packed, and two days later he was installed at the Royal Marine Hotel, Helmstone. Parker, his man, a steady old fogy, was left behind, and for once in his life there was no one to check or counsel him. At first John was delighted with the novelty of his position and the bright thriving fashionable watering place.

The town had charms for him though he did not know a creature in it, and he was determined not to look up the Crossovers, a family of seven daughters, all "out." After a time he began to pine for companionship.

The pier, the pride of Helmstone, palled on him, and he began to hate "mooning about" alone, to weary of the bands, the nursery-maids, the goat-carriages, the bold-faced flirting girls, the amateur yachtsmen down from Saturday to Monday, the organ-grinders, the thousand and one other annoyances that constitute out-door life at English bathing-places.

Still he could not make up his mind to return home, and while undecided as to his future movements, he chanced to meet Algy Corton, cousin to the Lady Cecil. John hailed him as a brother, and a few questions as to how he was getting on elicited the fact that he was greatly bored. Corton advised him to leave the Royal Marine, and take up his quarters at Hyde House, the best pension in Helmstone.

"It's not half a bad place," he averred—"always nice people there in the season, and a capital table. I shall be leaving to-morrow, so perhaps you might have my room. I'll speak to Mrs. Meeking if you like."

John looked doubtful; but there was a spice of adventure in the proposition which pleased the home-bred youth, so the matter ended with a decision in favor of Hyde House, where he found himself a day later.

At first John felt shy amongst at least thirty strangers, but he quickly made acquaintances and began to enjoy himself. Mrs. Meeking, the proprietress, was an officer's widow, who prided herself on the exclusiveness of her establishment, and rejoiced in having her letters addressed "Mrs. Colonel Meeking."

There was a coterie of old ladies, the pillars of the house, who had the best rooms and favorite chairs—not to be usurped—who loved whist, hated draughts, and sat in judgment upon everybody under forty. Some of them lived there all the year round, others returned regularly every season.

Fortunately nobody paid much attention to them except Mrs. Meeking's sister, whom those worthy matrons worried and harassed with complaints till her life was almost intolerable. The more philosophical widow took their complaints calmly. The younger members pulled together pretty well, especially when there was no bright particular star in the house to disturb the balance of power.

Pleasant excursions were organized on every fine day, and the evenings were enlivened by music or round games, varied now and again by amateur theatricals or dancing.

One day Mrs. Meeking announced to her guests that two new boarders were expected a Miss Kent and her chaperon, Mrs. Vane.

"Charming people—intimate friends of Lord Warden, I believe," added the little woman pomposily; and a pile of boxes marked "K," and "V," which were deposited in the hall the next day betokened their arrival.

Miss Kent swept in to dinner in fuller toilette than was usual at Hyde House, a tall rather striking-looking girl in a low-cut dress of pale sea-green that set off the alabaster whiteness of her firm neck and shapely arms. Her hair was of a vivid golden hue, and shone as if burnished. Her eyes were her best feature, but the darkness of her brows and lashes gave her a marked and peculiar look that impressed John Armourer disagreeably. For the rest Miss Kent's nose was retrousse and her mouth wide, but her teeth were good and her lips scarlet. John had never seen any one like her before, and he hardly knew if he was attracted or repelled.

Several of the other boarders exchanged significant glances, and old Mrs. Melton whispered to her neighbor that she hoped Mrs. Meeking had taken the precaution to get a reference. Mrs. Joyner cast oil on the troubled waters by murmuring, "Friend of Lord and Lady Warden."

And then behind Miss Kent came Mrs. Vane, an elderly lady in black velvet.

Mrs. Meeking, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles" marshalled the newcomers to their places. The younger was seated next to John, and was formally introduced by the landlady. She gave a quick comprehensive glance around and then began a lively conversation. She spoke of London, the last new play, the last comic opera, and kindred topics, of which John knew very little. He felt at a disadvantage by the side of his brilliant companion; he considered himself an awkward rustic, and hoped in his heart that his fair neighbor was not amazed at his ignorance of the world.

That evening John spent less time than usual over his post-prandial cigar, and wandered to the drawing-room, where he found that Miss Kent had seated herself apart from the other ladies, on a low couch half hidden by the portiere that hung in graceful folds from the arch dividing the drawing-room from a well kept conservatory.

She looked up with a smile as he entered and made room for him beside her. He sank into the vacant seat, and glanced at the photograph she had been listlessly turning over. Presently she was all animation, and began to speak of trifles in a low and confidential tone.

"Do you find it dull?" he asked, for want of something better to say.

"Rather," she admitted; "but I hope it is not always like this. The hour after dinner is generally the slowest in the day. I suppose you will be shocked"—with a bewitching smile that seemed to indicate that she felt sure of no such thing—"if I confess that I generally do find ladies' society dull."

"Not in the least, for all ladies are not like you!" and he bowed to point the rather clumsy compliment.

"No, all ladies are not like me," she admitted half sighing. "By-the-way"—with a sudden change of manner—"who is that old person with the long earrings and the extraordinary shawl?"

"That? Oh, Mrs. Hertsley—quite an institution here!"

"She looks like it. I'd give something to know where she got that wonderful wrap, like Joseph's coat of many colors."

"I heard her say she knitted it."

"I can readily believe it. No sane manufacturer ever turned out an article so fearful, unless indeed for exportation to Central Africa."

John laughed.

"She is rich of course, and worth cultivating?"

"I—I really don't know; I believe so."

"She is sure to be. Eccentric people generally are. Poor people can't afford to be odd. I suppose you know everyone here?"

"I am beginning to know their names," said John. "It was dreadfully puzzling at first, but I seldom make mistakes now."

"Then you must be my cicerone. Who is that dozing in the arm-chair?"

"Mrs. Melton."

"I watched her at dinner, and I think I know pretty well what she is. I foresee she will not like me."

"Why should she not?"

"Oh, because I'm young and she's old perhaps! You'll not repeat what I am going to say? It is something wicked."

"Of course not. Try me."

"She has 'Cat' written on her forehead. She is a sleek well-fed domestic tabby, likes soft cushions, cream and chicken, and would claw any poor hungry homeless pussy that fate sent her way. Am I not right?"

"You are very severe, Miss Kent," replied John half seriously.

The young man hated badinage, even when directed against others, although his companion had a subtle flattering way of seeming to compare every one unfavorably with her hearer. She saw his uneasiness and instantly dropped her sarcastic vein. Bent on amusing him, she succeeded so well that he was astonished, when the tea-things were brought in, to find how rapidly the time had passed.

Presently Miss Kent sang a dashing chanson from a popular comic opera with such verve and spirit that the old ladies shuddered over their whist.

"What bad form!" whispered Mrs. Melton. "She might be an actress. I shall take care Minnie does not make her acquaintance."

"Did you notice that she seated herself in the 'flirting corner' the moment she entered the room?" said Miss Todd, a sour-looking woman who squinted. "Is it not strange that all girls who wish to have a monopoly of the men seem to choose that couch by instinct?"

The other ladies assented. It was clear that the new comer had not found favor in their sight.

* * * * *

That night Miss Kent sat before her mirror having her abundant hair brushed by her chaperon, who filled in private many of the offices of a maid.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked in reply to some remark of Mrs. Vane's.

"Quite, my dear. I picked it all out of Mrs. Meeking's sister."

"And he's rich, you say?"

"Enormous rich," replied Mrs. Vane, who gave no heed to grammar. "He's a catch not to be picked up every day. Miss Pearce says to me, says she, 'He's the richest young gentleman here, Mrs. Vane—one of the Armourers of Loamshire, an' as nice an' haffable for all that as ever was—an only son too, with every one at his beck an' call at home.'"

Miss Kent was accustomed to correct her chaperon's eccentricities of speech when they were alone, with the result that the worthy lady usually spoke monosyllabically in public; but now she was too absorbed in thought and did not heed her relative's lapses, so Mrs. Vane continued unchecked—

"I tell you what, Elizer—I'd mean business this time if I was you. My child, I'd like to see you out of this life afore I die; an' you'll never have a better chance. He's young an' easy led, I see, especially by an 'andsome gal like you. You could do what you like with him if you'd take the trouble. 'Tain't often you do take my advice; but I'm sharper than you think, an' your own ventures haven't turned out so lucky."

"And the other man—Major What's-his name?" interrupted Miss Kent.

"Poor as Job," replied Mrs. Vane laconically—"half pay!"

"And the young fellow opposite?"

"Pretty well. She says he has an estate somewhere in foreign parts, but nothing to Mr. Armourer's—they're county people, Miss Pearce says."

"He likes me already."

"Of course he does; an' I'll see you a real lady before I die. I gave you every chance I could, Elizer—every chance, though it didn't turn out well, an' only put you above yer people an' yer poor old mother."

"That will do," said Eliza brusquely, twitching her head out of the older woman's hands. "Plait it up, and don't preach."

Mrs. Vane obeyed in silence.

In a few days—in a very few days—Miss Kent was the talk of Hyde House. She had shocked the old ladies, mortified the young ones, and attracted all the men to her side. She was not one of the generous beauties who, confident in themselves, try to draw their plainer sisters within their magic circle, and let them pick up the crumbs that fall from their royal table.

Conciliation was not in her; she took it for granted that all the women hated her, and had her revenge by turning the laugh against them amidst her court of admirers.

John Armourer was at heart thoroughly honorable, and his knowledge of the tie that bound him to Ida would have kept him straight and secured him in great measure against this Circe had no one interfered; but a meddling demon entered into Mrs. Melton and prompted her to give him good advice.

"I declare," she said to her friend Miss Delorne, "it is dreadful to see that young woman's conduct. I bore with her for a long time, thinking that, as she said she knew so many distinguished people and was a friend of the Wardens, she might be nicer than she seemed. But now I have my doubts about her. The Wardens were in Helmstone last week—I saw Lord and Lady Augustus driving in Prince's street—yet they never called on her. That looks queer, if they are such old and intimate friends as she tries to make out."

"It does indeed," assented Miss Delorne.

"If I knew the address of that misguided young man's mother, I'd write to her!"

"Mrs. Meeking could give it to you."

"Well, I hardly like to ask—just at present at any rate. I'll speak to him—that will be best."

And so she did, warning to her subject, saying so much that John knew to be false about Miss Kent, or at best not proven, that he believed all to be untrue.

His natural obstinacy made him resent any attempt to control his likings, his sense of justice made him indignant at the set made against the girl, and, having defended her hotly to Mrs. Melton, he gave himself up more than ever to the pleasure of her society.

When he began to nibble at Miss Kent's bait, he would have scorned the thought of treachery to Ida; but the angler was skillful, knew what most tempted him, displayed it cunningly, waited till he swallowed hook and all, gave him line enough, landed him.

It did not take long to make him wholly hers—as madly in love as ever was foolish boy. How poor, colorless, and feeble seemed his love for Ida beside this overmastering passion—how tame the prospect of a life passed by her side compared with the brilliant possibilities of which he dreamed!

Nothing could stop him now—no opposition, no threats, no entreaties of his mother no insinuations against Miss Kent—nothing but the clear conviction that the woman of his choice was unworthy.

He believed her to be rich, but that went for nothing; and he rejoiced that his own wealth and position placed him above the suspicions of fortune-hunting. Still, to his innamorata's disappointment, he had not yet spoken the decisive words which she had every reason to expect that he would.

But it was for no lack of encouragement on the lady's part that he had not thus spoken. The truth was, young Armourer was alternately exultant and miserable. He felt he had acted badly both to Ida and to Miss Kent by his falsehood to the one and by seeking the love of the other before he was free to do so, and he now gave a sop to his conscience by resolving not to propose until he received a reply to his letter to Miss Havelock begging her to free him from his engagement.

Despite his infatuation for Miss Kent, he found it difficult to break with Ida. With infinite pains he composed a letter speaking of their engagement as a "mistake" and of himself as "one unworthy of her;" he begged that all between them might be forgotten, and hoped he might see her "the happy wife of a better man."

The trouble this composition gave him was amply attested by the quantity of torn note-paper found by the housemaid in his grate. He posted the letter himself, allowed for reasonable delays, and waited as patiently as he could for an answer; but as yet none had come. Miss Kent did not understand her lover's strange shilly-shallying manner. Had she known of his scruples she would have laughed them away.

One evening, as, with Mrs. Vane's assistance, she arrayed herself for walking, Miss Kent determined to bring matters to a crisis. The band of the 93d Highlanders was to play on the pier; and John had craved leave to accompany her thither, as she had

given orders to her chaperon to stay at home.

Miss Kent felt that the ball was at her feet. The lingering glow of sunset on the water, the soft ripple and dash of the waves the distant music—for she had mentally fixed on a sheltered spot where promenaders seldom intruded—all, she hoped, would tell in her favor.

She had heard that Mrs. Armourer was strong minded and might prove troublesome, but with John on her side she thought herself a match for any mother-in-law in England.

John was waiting in the hall, and the pair set off together. Mrs. Vane watched them out of sight, then turned from the window with a sigh, and began to busy herself about the room. She was thus occupied when, half an hour later, Martha the housemaid knocked at the door to say that Mrs. Meeking desired to see Mrs. Vane for a few minutes in her private sitting room; and, with a heavy sense of impending disaster, the old woman slowly made her way down.

In the meantime the "lover and his lass" had gained the sheltered nook by the sad sea waves. Never did Miss Kent so exert herself to please, never was she so arch, so playful, so sympathetic. John smiled to himself when he thought of poor Mrs. Melton's solemn warnings; he knew so much more of Miss Kent's real character and disposition than any one else, he thought.

She had told him the story of her lonely childhood, in some respects not unlike his own, though she had lost both her parents and had been brought up by her grandfather, the Earl of Holderness. Since his death she had travelled with Mrs. Vane, a poor relative of her mother's. She spoke of many of the best people in London as her intimate friends, but unfortunately had no acquaintances in Lincolnshire.

John felt that there was strong sympathy between them; she, like himself, had neither brothers nor sisters, her childhood had been solitary, they had many tastes in common, though she was ever so much the cleverer, and, look at it as he would, he was to be congratulated if he succeeded in winning the love of a girl so richly endowed by nature and an heiress to boot.

His mother might object to have her plans concerning Ida upset; but when she saw his beautiful Lily she could not but take her to her heart—from every point of view she was superior to Miss Havelock. Then he fretted impatiently because no answer had come from Mentone.

While such thoughts passed through his mind he was looking into Miss Kent's wonderful liquid eyes and listening to the soft ripple of talk that accorded somehow with the splash of the waves and the sound of distant music.

What a magnetic effect her eyes had on him! He could look into their depths forever, and read truth and purity in them. She was simply perfect; the little peculiarities of manner and appearance that slightly jarred on him at first no longer offended him—he had grown used to them and liked them.

He was longing to take her in his arms, tell her how dearly he loved her, and ask her to be his wife. The hot words rushed to his lips, he drew nearer and was about to speak, when his hand came in contact with Ida's locket, which still dangled from his chain. His forgotten resolution came back, and he set his teeth hard.

"To-morrow, to-morrow," he thought she must write by then." I will not dishonor my love by speaking before I am free. The more adorable she is the more I am bound to respect her."

He slipped back into his former position, and Miss Kent who had been eagerly awaiting his words, gulped down her disappointment.

"It has grown very cold," she said with a little shiver, and rose from where she sat.

The pair were very silent on their way home. The evening seemed to have turned cold and gray: but the hall lamp at Hyde House shone out brilliantly as they reached the door. A woman's face was pressed against the side-window, and before they could ring, Mrs. Vane had opened the door.

"Come here," she said in a suppressed voice. "I want to speak to you."

Her face had a strange drawn look. Miss Kent started and grew so deadly pale that John felt sure something dreadful had happened. Suddenly Mrs. Meeking emerged from her private room.

"Pray do not trouble, Mrs. Vane. I shall speak to Miss—Kent myself. Will you step this way, please?" she added, in a chilling tone; and the pair disappeared.

"What on earth does this mean?" cried John completely mystified.

"Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me!" wailed Mrs. Vane, breaking into tears. "Heaven bless you!" she said. "You have a good heart. I'm sorry we ever met you. Indeed I did not know all; and it seemed such an easy way out of our difficulties."

A servant on her way through the hall, paused and eyed the pair curiously.

"Go, go!" said Mrs. Vane, with sudden vehemence. "Don't stay here. Good-bye!"

John, quite confounded, and unable to make head or tail of the woman's wild words, began slowly to ascend the stairs.

"Some ridiculous nonsense of Mrs. Melton's perhaps," he speculated as he sat about soothing his agitated nerves with a cigar. "Lily will tell me later."

He opened the window of his room and leaned out. Afar off he could see the harbor dotted with flame, and the revolving light flashing shafts of alternate red and white over the bosom of the water. How calm it looked! How still the night was! Hist! Some one was going—Wilkins was hailing a cab. John leaned farther out. There was some delay and bustle below, a lady got in, the vehicle moved, and John, staring blankly down, saw a pale face upturned to him, and looked full into the eyes he loved. It was but for a second; then they had turned into the darkness beyond.

With a fear that turned him faint he sat back, trembling in every limb. What could it all mean?

There was a timid tap at the door, and he cried "Come in!" at the same time striking match and lighting the two candles on the table.

It was Mrs. Vane who entered, a look of misery on her face which touched John to the heart. In her hand was a slip of paper which she held out to him.

"She bid me give you this," she said hoarsely. "She's gone; she would not stay another moment nor see you again for the world."

"Great heavens," exclaimed John, "what do you mean?"

"'Tis no use keeping it from you," answered the woman slowly. "You'll hear it all, an' more too, in a few minutes. They found out Lily had given a false reference. That woman made 'em write to Lady Warden, an' so to-night the storm burst, an' we are cast out by Mrs. Meeking as adventuresses. 'Tis true enough what she says; but still——" She paused and her frame shook with sobs.

They stood facing each other in the dim light, John pale, aghast, incredulous, feeling as if he would reel and fall—the whole thing had been so sudden, so terribly unexpected.

The woman saw his expression of misery, and noticed for the first time that he was suffering too. Her own case had seemed so hard that she had not given him a thought before; now she advanced and touched his arm softly.

"I'm real sorry for you," she said, "but oh, is it not a thousand times worse for me? My poor child, my only daughter! I didn't know—she never told her old mother how she managed things. You will forget her in time, but I—— 'Tis well for you it happened now, an' not later. You were always kind to me; an' a real gentleman, so I'm glad you were not married to her, though at first I'd set my heart on it. It seemed so easy a way, an' I knew you'd stand between her an' the world."

John did not answer a word, and Mrs. Vane, being a woman loquacious in grief, went on—

"Eliza wanted to be a grand lady an' marry a rich man. She was ashamed of me, sir—her poor old mother, as had no education—so she called me her chappyrone, an' told folks I was a poor relation; but I bore it all for her sake. She never let me ask a question, but made me obey her like a child. An' so I did—my beautiful heart-strong girl, that wouldn't be guided by me!"

At last John found voice.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I shall only get our things together an' follow her. Then I'll go away to some quiet place an' hide my head."

"But have you money?"—and he half drew out his purse.

"Yes, thank you, sir—enough for the present; but if I hadn't I couldn't take yours. May heaven bless you, sir, for your kindness to a poor unhappy woman!"

With these words she moved from his side and disappeared. Then John picked up the twisted piece of paper and unfolded it. The contents were written in pencil; but, though he held the note close to the candle, the lines seemed to dance before his eyes so that he could hardly read them.

"Forgive me if you can," ran the note; "they will say hard things of me, but pray, pray believe I loved you—at least at the end. I am not all base, and so for your sake feel almost glad this came. Your truthfulness made me despise falsehood."

How John hated himself as he read the last words!

There was food for gossip at Hyde House, for Mrs. Melton was the heroine of the hour. She had "suspected the creature all along, my dear;" she had "raked up Miss Kent's antecedents," and found out she had been an actress or worse; she had suggested writing to the Wardens—in fact, hers was the hand that had shattered Miss Kent's house of cards.

John Armourer returned to the Abbey a sadder if a wiser man. He told his mother none of his doings at Hyde House, for the wound was too painful to bear exposure. Ida's continued silence was the strangest thing to him. She had not written to his mother either, so he began speculating. Did she mean to "cut" him and his?

The mystery was not explained for some time. At last a letter came from Ida written from Algiers, announcing the death of her aunt. She said not a word as to the broken engagement; her epistle was simple, loving, and candid; nor was John enlightened until he had read to the end.

"All this worry and trouble," she wrote, "must be my excuse for not writing sooner; besides, the posts are irregular. I greatly fear that letters of yours may have reached our hotel after we left Mentone, and found their way into the fire. Fever broke out there, and poor auntie, who had a perfect horror of infection, insisted on crossing over to Algiers at once. Mother was giving orders to have our correspondence forwarded, but she interrupted her, and desired the man to send nothing on, but to burn any communications that came for us. As she was then very weak and irritable, we feared to annoy her so, gave in, the more readily as we did not expect news of any importance from England.

"Still it was with a pang I consented to the possible sacrifice of letters from you; I meant to let you know of our movements at once, that you might write to us here; but what with our passage, which was very rough, the strangeness of our Algerian quarters, and poor auntie's increasing illness, I was unable to take up a pen until to-day. Yesterday she was laid peacefully to rest in the little cemetery overlooking the sea. Very bare it seems compared with like places in England, but a few aloes and palms struggle to live and give nature the tinge of green we love to see where our dear ones are laid."

So all was explained. Still John did not feel secure until he had written to the proprietor of the hotel at Mentone, to inquire if Mrs. Havelock's instructions as to the family correspondence had been carried out, and received an affirmative reply. The young man then saw how very foolish he had been, and he rejoiced inwardly that a convenient fever had released him from an embarrassing predicament.

One evening, long after the traveler's return, he told Ida the story of his infatuation concealing and extenuating nothing, as they sat alone together in the twilight. She was naturally a little angry, but on the whole received the revelation well, and John, after confession, felt that he loved and admired her more dearly than at first. Like a true woman, she forgave him, and retained in her heart no bitterness towards the unhappy object of his holiday madness.

Twelve months later there was a grand christening party at the Abbey in honor of young Mr. and Mrs. Armourer's son and heir. John is a devoted husband to his pretty little wife.

Nearly a Tragedy.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"I tell you, I don't like it. That fellow comes to see you a great deal too often."

The speaker, John Adams, was as fine and handsome a young fellow of the fisher type as one would wish to see. Tall and proportionately broad, he looked a giant when contrasted with the girl at his side. His face, which was tanned by exposure to all weathers, generally wore that cheerful and frank expression one so often sees in men of his calling, but now looked rather forbidding.

Mary Thomson, the girl whom he addressed, belonged to the same station of life and anyone who would have seen them together would have said they were admirably fitted for each other; for she was quite as fair a specimen of womanhood as he of the sterner sex. And they evidently thought themselves well fitted for each other, for no one but a recognized lover would have spoken in the way he did. In fact, they had been lovers as long as they could remember.

"You don't like it, indeed!" said the girl; "but I do, and it's too early yet for you to expect me to have the same likes and dislikes as you. You must wait until we're married. Besides," continued she, with the want of logic common to her sex, "he doesn't come to see me. He comes to see father. He met father on the beach, and got him to have his portrait painted; and, since then, he has often come to the cottage to have a chat with him."

"Yes, I know all that," answered the young man, "and more, too. He painted your portrait; and his flattery has so turned your head, if not your heart, that you begin to doubt whether you aren't too good for the likes of me."

"Yes, that I do, when you talk like that. Your jealousy makes you hateful to me, and I won't speak to you again till you're in a better humor," retorted the girl, indignantly leaving him.

"No, not my jealousy," muttered Adams as she moved off; "but the difference between me and him. But he sha'n't steal you from me; or, if he does, he shall rue it."

From the above the reader will have pretty fairly gathered the cause of the quarrel between the two lovers.

Harold Rivers, a young gentleman, with more money and time at his disposal than he well knew what to do with, had, a few weeks previous to the time of the opening of this tale, made his appearance in the little fishing village, being, according to his own account, on a sketching excursion.

As he was a handsome young fellow with no notions of false pride, and withal very free with his money, he was soon very popular in the village.

He induced the fishermen to pose for him which they readily did, knowing that he would liberally reward them. Not that they would have been unwilling to do so without this reward, for they were anxious to see how they looked in a "picter" as they called it.

It was doubtful, though, whether their wishes were realized, for it must be confessed that Rivers was but an indifferent artist; in fact, his sketching was a mere excuse for doing nothing else.

As we have seen, he had so sketched Mary's father, and afterwards Mary herself, and they being somewhat superior to most of the other inhabitants of the village, he had become more intimate with them, and was frequently to be seen at their cottage—too frequently for John Adams' peace of mind; and, as he suspected, the attraction that drew him there was Mary, and not her father's conversation.

The young man himself had no suspicion of the harm he was doing. He found in Mary an artless village maiden, whose simplicity pleased him, and he often amused himself by chatting with her, and paying her compliments upon her beauty; and Mary, without being false to Adams, nevertheless felt greatly flattered by the attention paid to her by so fine a gentleman.

The morning after the day of the quarrel between the two lovers, a group of fishermen, which had just been joined by Harold Rivers, were standing on the beach listening to the yarn of an old man-o'-war's man, the oracle of the village on all naval matters, about some engagement in which he had taken part.

Adams was also on the beach, though he did not form one of the group. He was standing apart, apparently deep in thought; and judging from his expression, his thoughts were by no means pleasant. In fact, he was thinking about the quarrel of yesterday; and, wondering what he could do to bring the relations between him and Mary to their former footing.

He had found that remonstrating with her only served to widen the breach between them.

The only course he saw open to him was to speak to Rivers.

"I'll question him as to his intentions," thought he. "If he goes on much longer, the girl will be thinking he means to marry her."

He had noticed Rivers join the group, and as he had often rowed him along the coast in search of the picturesque, he thought that if he could persuade him to go out now, it would be a good opportunity to accomplish what he had in view.

So, waiting till the old man had finished his yarn, he joined the group.

"Good morning, Mr. Rivers," said he. "Nice morning for a row along the coast sir."

"Yes," answered Rivers. "I was just thinking the same, and if you think those rocks we passed the other day will be uncovered we'll go. There's a nice view of a pretty bit of coast to be got there, and I should like to sketch it."

"Well, sir, the tide's out now, and, if we start soon, I should say you will be able to do nearly two hours' work."

"Very well, then. I'll get my things ready, and be with you in half an hour."

After Rivers' departure, Adams began to realise that it was rather a ticklish job he had undertaken.

A gentleman like Rivers, he thought, would be bound to resent any interference on the part of one so far beneath him in the social scale, and a quarrel seemed inevitable. He, however, was prepared to quarrel on such a subject; not that he felt any great animosity towards Rivers.

He gave him credit for being unaware of the mischief he was causing, and merely meant to open his eyes to it.

So fearing that the young man might lose his temper, and being by no means sure of keeping his own, he resolved that he would wait until the rocks were reached before opening the matter. Then there would be less danger likely to result from a quarrel.

In little more than half an hour Rivers appeared bringing with him all the paraphernalia peculiar to amateurs. They entered the boat, and were soon on their way, each taking an oar.

The rocks, the place of their destination, were some eight or nine miles distant, and lay about three hundred yards from the shore. These rocks, completely hidden at high water, were left exposed when the tide was low.

On reaching them, both stepped from the boat, which Adams made fast to the rocks. The young artist taking his sketching materials, seated himself, and made preparations for beginning his work.

While in the boat, Adams had been conning over what he should say, in order, if possible, to avert a quarrel, and had resolved to tell Rivers of his long engagement to Mary, and how the engagement seemed likely to be broken; then, if the young man was sensible, thought he, he would see what mischief he was causing, and, taking what he said in good part, desist from his attentions to Mary.

But, now the moment had come for the task he had set himself, he found it not so easy as he had thought to talk openly of his love.

He began in just the wrong way. Stepping up to Rivers, he told him he had something he should like to say to him before he began sketching, and went straight to the subject by saying, "I asked you to come for a row this morning, Mr. Rivers, because I wished to know what your intentions are as to Mary Thomson."

Rivers looked puzzled. He knew that Adams was Mary's lover, but his careless nature had prevented him from thinking that he might be jealous of him.

It was now made plain to him that such was the case; and it unfortunately occurred to him that the young fisherman had sought this interview in so secluded a spot in order to intimidate him. It only needed such a thought to rouse up a quarrel directly.

"You want to know my intentions, do you?" said Rivers.

"Yes; I do. I suppose you don't mean to marry her?" answered Adams, who found it impossible to speak calmly on a subject he felt so deeply upon.

"Well, no; perhaps not," replied Rivers.

"Well, you sha'n't make a fool of the girl if I can help it; and if you do you will regret it."

"I shall? Well, you know I merely said I may not marry her. I might do so to save her from your kind guardianship. But if I make up my mind to do so, I'll be sure to ask your consent. I was before quite unaware of your importance."

And so the war of words went on till at last Adams, beside himself with rage at the taunts of the other, seized him by the throat. A struggle at once ensued, in which Rivers, much the weaker of the two, was thrown violently on the rocks, where he lay stunned, with a gash in his forehead, where it had struck against the rocks.

There Adams, mad and blind with passion,

left him; and entering the boat, which he quickly unmoored, rowed rapidly away. He should stay there and drown. Then Mary Thomson would be safe from him, and her love would perhaps return to him.

Such was his mad reasoning, and his fierce rowing left him no moment for calmer reflections.

When he at length reached the village, there was still a number of fishermen loitering on the beach.

"Hallo, John! you've come back pretty quick. Where's the gentleman?" called one of them.

"Oh, he altered his mind, and I landed him at V——," answered Adams, naming a village about half a mile beyond the rocks.

And then, afraid lest his agitation should be noticed, he left the boat, and proceeded towards his home.

Arrived there, he pictured to himself Rivers recovering from his state of insensibility, only to find himself face to face with death; for though the rocks were so short a distance from the shore that a swimmer might easily have escaped from such a position, Rivers, as he well knew, was unable to swim.

He, therefore, fancied him remaining on the rocks, whilst the water rose higher and higher, until finally he would disappear altogether.

Gradually he recognised the blackness of the deed he was committing. It was murder, and murder of the darkest kind.

At length, horror-stricken, he ran madly to the beach, launched the boat, and rowed off like one possessed towards the rocks.

Many and conflicting were his emotions as he did so. Now overcome with horror at the thought of his being a murderer, and then praying that he might be in time to save Rivers from death; and then again asking himself if he was already a murderer, and if, instead of being stunned when he was thrown against the rocks, Rivers had been killed.

He was now as anxious to save Rivers as he had before seemed for his death. With eyes strained eagerly in the direction of the rocks, he rowed on.

At length, he came in sight of them, but only the highest portions were visible; for the incoming tide had already covered the greater part of them. In vain his eyes sought the form of Rivers, standing as he imagined him. Had he, then, really been killed in his fall, and was his lifeless body lying beneath the water? Again and again he rowed round the rocks, not daring to make any other search, lest his worst fears should be realised, and he should find the body.

Then he bethought him of Rivers'sketching materials—the easel, stool, &c. Where were they? He could see no signs of them near the rocks. Had they been carried on shore? He turned the boat in that direction, and was soon searching along the beach, but in vain.

At last, abandoning any further search, he proceeded homewards. Had Rivers been drowned? If so, suspicion would at once fall upon him. What would he do? Escape to some other part of the country? Tormented by these thoughts, he once more reached his home, where he remained in a most anxious condition of mind.

* * * * *

"Well, it looks pretty black agen him. For my part, I've known Jack Adams too long to think he'd be guilty of such a crime as to murder a man in cold blood. What I think is, that the two had a quarrel."

"Most likely, and about Adams's sweetheart, Mary Thomson. The young gentleman was very often at Thomson's cottage, and may be Adams got jealous of him."

"It's a bad job for him anyhow. They won't hang him without the body's found, and mayhap not then. You see it's all what they call circumstantial evidence. There's no witness, and Adams says as how young Rivers went ashore, and such may be the case, though I don't think it."

"When'll they try him?"

"Don't know. You see he's in charge on suspicion, and the police have been trying to get evidence, and to find the body. The young man's relations have offered a large reward for it, I hear."

This conversation, which took place between some of the men of the village, occurred some two or three days after the events recorded above.

Rivers' disappearance had been made known by the people with whom he lodged, and on inquiry it was found that he had not been seen since his departure for the rocks with Adams.

He, of course, was questioned, and though he firmly adhered to his former statement, that Rivers had altered his mind, and had been put ashore by him, his manner aroused suspicion; and, Rivers still not appearing, he was at last arrested.

Let us now give a glance at Mary Thomson. What was her feelings on hearing of the horrible charge brought against her lover? She had been one of the last to hear of it, and efforts had been made to keep her in ignorance of it; but this was impossible in so small a village. Since it had happened, it had been the sole subject of conversation amongst the villagers.

When at last it did reach her ears she had refused to believe it. It couldn't be true. John, whom she had known so long, and who had always, till lately, been so good tempered, and had never had an angry word with any one, to be guilty of such a horrible crime as that.

But in spite of her vehement denials, the conviction lay at the bottom of her heart that her lover was guilty; and she guessed the cause of his guilt.

She became like one distracted. Now violently protesting his innocence, and then as vehemently declaring that she alone was guilty; for had not she encouraged Rivers in his flirtations with her, and so made her lover mad with jealousy? She recognized, now that it was too late, how foolish her conduct had been.

She wandered about the village dreading and yet anxious, to hear whether any fresh evidence had been found, and living in perpetual fear of hearing of the discovery of Rivers' body.

She had been allowed to visit Adams in his confinement, but the meeting had been so trying an ordeal to him, that he had begged that it might not be repeated.

He had not noticed her when she first entered the room in which he was, and was sitting in a most dejected attitude; the sight of which, though she had resolved to control her feelings, caused her such keen remorse that she burst into weeping.

Adams started from his seat.

"Oh, John!" she cried, amid her sobs, "say it's not true, this horrible thing they say about you. They say in the village you did it because of me. Tell me it is not true!"

"True, my dear? Of course it's not true," answered Adams.

During his imprisonment he had often dreaded the effect that the news of his arrest would have upon Mary, and he now saw, only too plainly, that she blamed herself as the cause of it.

"Rivers went ashore, as I said before," he continued, "and has, no doubt, made some new acquaintances, and is staying with them for a time. He'll be coming back again in a day or two, and then all this trouble will be over."

"Ah, John, I am the cause of this trouble. They wouldn't have suspected you if I had not made you jealous."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "It was our going out in the boat together, and my coming back alone, that has made me suspected. Don't blame yourself, my lass. There's no one to blame but Rivers himself, who is a harum-scarum chap, and little thinks what trouble he is causing by not letting us know his whereabouts. Don't you fret about me, my dear. They're only giving me a little holiday by keeping me, my love. I've got everything I want, and if you think I'm being badly used, why you shall make it up to me when Rivers comes back, and they let me out."

It cost Adams not a little to speak thus lightly. The body of Rivers lying bleeding on the rocks, as he had last seen it, was ever before his eyes, and Mary's sobs had almost caused him to break down, and confess all; but the effect it would have upon her restrained him.

Besides, confinement and the hourly dread of the discovery of Rivers' body had told upon his health, and he had several times been on the point of confessing all to the officer attending him.

But, though so trying an ordeal for Adams, the meeting was beneficial to Mary.

Her faith in her lover's innocence was much greater, though she continued to reproach herself, and was puzzled to account for Rivers' mysterious absence.

Why had he not written, and why was it the officers had not been able to find any trace of him, if he was staying with new acquaintances, as her lover had surmised?

A week had elapsed since Mary's interview with Adams, and still no further tidings of Rivers had been received.

It was evening, and Mary and her father were sitting in the small parlor of the cottage.

They were both silent, though the thoughts of each were busy; the old man thinking of the change the last few weeks had wrought in his daughter, and Mary still puzzling over Rivers' continued absence.

Suddenly footsteps were heard on the gravel path leading to the cottage, followed by a knock at the door.

Mary, ever expecting news of the discovery of Rivers, felt her heart beat faster, and started quickly from her seat.

The old man, too, seemed to have a presentiment that something new had been discovered, and his faith in Adams' innocence not being so firm as Mary's, and fearing the effect a too sudden disclosure would have upon her, he rose quickly from his seat, and, placing his hand gently upon her shoulder, said—

"Bide there, my lass, while I see who it is."

Mary, ever accustomed to obey, again seated herself, though it cost her a hard struggle to restrain herself from rushing after her father.

She had not long to wait, however, for her father soon returned.

One glance at his face told her that the visitor brought good news.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "don't keep me in suspense! Tell me what it is!"

"Well, my dear, they've found Mr. Rivers."

"Found him?—alive?" she asked him, breathlessly.

"Alive, my lass! Yes; and well."

"Thank Heaven! Come, father; let's go and tell John!"

"No need, Mary, my dear!" cried a voice from the doorway; "he'll soon be here."

"Who is that?" she questioned, sharply.

"The long-lost returned again," answered Rivers; for he it was.

He had been seen on the rocks by the men in a small vessel which trawled along the coast, and had been taken on board. In the vessel, his wound, which he accounted for by an accidental fall on the rocks, was dressed, and when asked by the captain if he should put him ashore, he had decided to remain in the vessel until its return voyage. To this the captain readily assented. Hence it was that the search after him, though keen, had been unsuccessful.

The men in the ship thought it strange that no boat was near the rock, and doubted his story; but he was so evidently a gentleman, and so liberal in rewarding them for the services they rendered to him, that they forbore questioning further.

On his return to the village, he at once heard of the suspicions attaching to Adams, and immediately visited him. During his absence he had blamed himself for his heedless conduct in causing dissension between the two lovers, and had determined afterwards to do his best, on his return, to restore their former relationship.

In his interview with Adams mutual explanations ensued, and a friendly feeling between the two young men was established; and they agreed that no one but themselves should ever know what had really taken place. Then, leaving Adams to follow him, Rivers had hastened to the cottage.

When Mary ascertained who the visitor was, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Rivers, what trouble you have caused us! John had even been suspected of killing you! It was cruel of you to keep away so long."

"But what was I to do?" answered Rivers. "I met with an accident, and of course had no suspicion that my absence would be the cause of so much trouble."

Here other steps were heard approaching; and, flying from the room, Mary was soon clasped in the arms of her lover.

"Oh, John, Mr. Rivers is here! He met with an accident."

"Yes, my dear; I've seen him. But you mustn't blame him. It was a mistake, and we must try to forget all about it as soon as we can."

Rivers' reappearance, or rather her lover's deliverance, wrought a wonderful change in Mary. She soon became her old bright self; and though some remarked that Adams seems much graver than formerly, no one suspected that his gravity was due to the fact that he was within an ace of being a murderer.

In a few weeks John and Mary was married, and many were the presents they received, for the villagers deemed themselves obliged to atone in some way for the unjust suspicions they thought they had been guilty of. Adams guessed the motive of these numerous offerings, and spoke to Rivers of making a clean breast of it, but was dissuaded by him from doing so.

"It would do no good," he assured him; "and only cause Mary pain."

And so she will never know how very nearly her husband has been to committing murder through his love for her.

Freaks of Courtship. Among the exiles in the island of Saghalien, Eastern Siberia, the following custom prevails. If a man wishes to get married he applies to the governor, who forthwith selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the candidate for matrimony is expected to only "keep company" for two or three days. If, at the conclusion of this term, the male party declares to the governor that the lady selected is not to his mind, he receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him, and so on. The same course is adopted with the female prisoners who are in search of husbands. These matches are termed "Official Marriages," or the "Governor's Marriage," and are not followed by any religious ceremony.

Courtship in Zululand has several advantages over the same sort of agreeable pastime in other countries. When a Zulu girl takes a fancy to a young warrior she leaves her father's house, and at dusk stations herself before the hut of the favored one, but remaining perfectly silent. If her attentions are favored she will be asked into the hut. This obviates the necessity of the young man walking a couple of miles, perchance along a dark and lonely road, six or seven days a week, after midnight; and the girl's father doesn't find his coal and gas bills augmented during the courtship.

Following Them Up.—Years ago an English black West India regiment, stationed at Kingstone, Jamaica, had the misfortune to be commanded by a martinet colonel of a savage and violent disposition. The men were so wretched that they began to commit suicide in considerable numbers. Strong measures became necessary; and one morning the colonel, who could scarcely control his anger, paraded the regiment and harangued it. "Men," he said, "you hang yourselves because you believe that you will escape me, and pass away to your native Africa. Now, you're entirely wrong. And, by Jove!"—here he waxed passionate—"if you don't leave off, I'll hang myself too, and I'll warrant you that where you go I can follow; and it won't be my fault if I don't make you regret having been such a set of fools." The superstitious blacks were so intimidated by this awful threat that the epidemic ceased from that moment.

"Foot-reading is the latest notion, the character being judged by the foot." The "notion" is not very "late." For years the characters of fathers of marriageable daughters have been judged by the foot. If the foot becomes violently demonstrative, the young man who is fond of the daughter of the man who swings it, knows right away that the girl's father is an irascible old curmudgeon and is not hankering for a son-in-law of his name and dimensions.

When you reflect that at picnics a hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-bye, all the enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It was formerly the custom in the British army for the soldiers to cheer at the time of charging with the bayonet. About fifteen years ago the practice was abolished, but the change has proved so unsatisfactory that the old custom is to be reintroduced. The cheer, yell, war-cry, for it is the same battle-cry under different names, is of importance. It has played an important part in many battles.

A Swiss scientist estimates that in 1970 there will be 8,600,000,000 people in the world speaking English; 124,000,000 German, and 60,000,000 French. The calculations are made on the hypothesis that in England the population doubles in fifty years; in the United States, Canada and Australia, in twenty-five years; in Germany in 105 years, and in France, and in countries using the French language, 140 years. He does not take into account the suggestion recently advanced by a European student of the movement of nations, that the Chinese are about to take possession of the earth.

A marvellous bear story is reported from Idaho. A baby, eighteen months old, was missed from Gentile Valley, and the alarm having been given, the entire population turned out in search for the child, and soon discovered the track of a large bear, which had evidently visited the neighborhood of the settlement, and then returned to its haunts amid the hills. They followed the track, and found the baby curled up in a bunch of weeds and grass fast asleep, while close beside it was yet the warm bed of what must have been a bear of enormous size. The child had not received a bruise, and, although it had been borne for several miles over rough places and through dense thickets, it was but slightly scratched. We have been told that we are descended from bears, and, and this story, if true, certainly inclines us to admire the tenderness and delicacy of our ancestors.

A Boston paper gravely announces that a "Directory of American Heiresses" has been published in London, and that the volume contains the name, age, and address of every young unmarried American woman to whom a fortune has descended or is about to descend. The book is said to have been compiled "for the special benefit of impecunious English peers," but we suspect rather that the directory is simply a huge matrimonial advertisement that has been put forward by American damsels in search of titled husbands; for, if we may judge from the last report of the American consul at Crefeld, there are many American girls who will sacrifice almost everything for social rank, even though it be of the most worthless variety. He says that within his experience thirty-one of his fair compatriots have married German noblemen, and that, without exception, these unions have resulted in abandonment, separation, or divorce.

In Paris, as well as in London, there has lately been an outcry about dogs. The municipal authorities of the French capital have, in some mysterious manner, satisfied themselves that at least half the dogs of Paris escape taxation. According to the old regulations, a five-franc license was required by the proprietor of any watch-dog, and owners of fancy or sporting dogs were expected to pay twice that sum for each of their favorites; but these rates are now somewhat modified, and, lest any one should evade the tax, it has been ordained that in future every dog shall wear a collar bearing the name and address of its master, and that once a year the collars shall be brought before an officer, who, upon payment of a proper fee, shall stamp them with an indelible mark as a sign that the required formalities have been complied with. A very similar system has for years been in force in Germany. If it were also adopted in America, we should probably find that many of the ill conditioned curs that now prowl about certain rural districts would disappear.

Of the giant trees of California, the "Miner's Cabin" is 80 feet in circumference and nearly 300 feet high; it is open in front about 17 feet. The "Three Sisters" are a group so lightly grown from the same root, about 300 feet high and 93 in circumference. They are perfect and the most beautiful ones in the whole group. The "Pioneer's Cabin" is 150 feet high; where the top is broken off it has a small opening through it. The "Old Bachelor" is 300 feet high and 60 in circumference. The "Husband and Wife" are about 250 feet high and each 60 feet in circumference. The "Family Group" consists of 26 trees, the father, mother and 24 children. The father measures 110 feet in circumference. Many years ago it fell. The supposed height while standing was 450 feet; the length remaining is 300 feet. It is hollow and large enough to ride into on horseback. The "Hermit" stands by itself, and is 320 feet high and 75 feet in circumference, exceedingly straight and symmetrical. The "Pennsylvania" is 24 feet in diameter and 315 feet high. The "North Carolina" is 21 feet across the base and 310 feet high. The "Green Mountain State" is 22 feet in diameter and 350 feet high. "The Mother and Son" are together 93 feet in circumference; the Mother is 325 feet high and the Son 300 feet. The "Siamese Twins" have one trunk, but their bodies are separate at a height of 40 feet. They are 400 feet high.

Our Young Folks.

NINA'S LOST LOCKET.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

I WONDER if she will come to-day," said Giovanna to herself. Giovanna held a bunch of roses in her hand and was seated on a wide stone step at the basement of a great building. She had placed her flowers around her, and was looking eagerly up the street, wondering if the little Signorina would come. "I hope she will," murmured Giovanna, "for this is the finest bunch of roses I have had, and they shall be a gift to the Signorina who has bought so many flowers. Oh, what a beautiful Signorina she is, with her golden hair and blue eyes."

And Giovanna thought of some of the pictures of angels she had seen in the churches, and in the stained glass of the windows.

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Giovanna's Signorina was at this moment in great trouble. She had lost a locket set with pearls and containing a portrait of her father.

"I don't remember taking it off at night," she said, "but I know I had it when I was buying the lilies for you, for I had just shown it to Giovanna, and I said 'papa' in Italian, and touched the picture, and she knew what I meant."

Mrs Leslie started, and Lydia the maid said—

"I shouldn't be surprised if she has got it."

"Lydia," exclaimed Nina indignantly, "Giovanna is as honest as you are!"

"I'm sure I hope so, Miss Nina," returned Lydia primly.

"Mamma, you won't let Lydia say such things," said Nina.

But Mrs. Leslie was looking very serious now.

"My dear Nina, I fear I have been to blame in allowing you to wear such a valuable locket out of doors."

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By noon it was known all over the city that a locket was lost and a handsome reward offered for it. But the day slipped on and nothing was heard of it.

Nina went as usual to buy her flowers, accompanied by Lydia. As soon as she came near Giovanna's eyes brightened as she held up her bunch of roses.

"Oh, how beautiful," said Nina as she drew out her purse.

But Giovanna shook her head.

"Done," she said, putting her hands behind her and not taking the money that Nina held out.

"'Done,' that is a gift," said Nina, who was learning Italian. "But I cannot take the flowers for nothing."

And she in her turn shook her head, and laid the money on the stone beside Giovanna.

The tears came into Giovanna's eyes. She looked sorrowfully at Nina and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor girl," said Nina to Lydia, "she wants to give them to me because we have bought so many flowers of her; yes, I will take them."

And she gathered up the money and put it back in her purse, took the roses in her hand, and smiled at Giovanna.

Then Giovanna sprang up, clapped her hands, and smiled also.

* * * * * *

When Giovanna returned home that evening, the first thing she saw was her father and mother gazing eagerly at something Beppino, her little brother, was showing them.

As she drew near she exclaimed—

"The Signorina's locket!"

Her father turned around quickly, and said—

"It is ours now, Beppino has found it; these pearls are worth a good deal, and I can pay my debts, and also be a very rich man."

"But the Signorina must have lost it. How sorry she will be! She showed it to me yesterday, and that is the picture of her father. Oh, let me take it to her."

"Nonsense," said her father. "No one will know that Beppino picked it up. We are too poor to throw such a chance as this away."

Giovanna looked at her father in amazement. He had always been an honest man.

"But it will be stealing, father," she answered, gently. "Oh, don't keep it; the police are sure to have notice about it, and you will get into trouble."

"Not if you keep your tongue still," replied her father.

"Oh, the poor little Signorina," said Giovanna, bursting into tears. "Do give it to me, father—do give it to me. Mother, won't you beg for it as well? Father was always honest."

Just then Beppino, who had been looking out the door, said—

"There are lots of the police about, and one of them is coming this way."

The mother looked at the father.

"Giovanna is right," she said. "Let her take the locket to the Signorina."

Giovanna seized the locket which the mother held out to her, and darted away with it. Not any too soon, for scarcely had she gone when the police entered to search for the locket.

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But though Giovanna had avoided the police at her own home, and had pressed forward rapidly towards the house where Mrs. Leslie lived, she was not yet out of danger. She had almost reached the doorsteps when a man put his hand on her shoulder.

"Ah," said he; "you are the little flower-girl who is suspected of stealing the Signorina's locket. Pray, what are you holding so carefully in the corner of your apron?"

"Stealing the locket! the Signorina's locket!" exclaimed Giovanna indignantly. "Beppino found it, and I am taking it back to her."

"A likely story," said the man laughing. "I am one of the police, and must take you before the magistrate. Give me the locket."

Giovanna was in despair; she gave a loud cry which brought Nina to the balcony, who, seeing her little flower-girl in distress, flew down, followed by Lydia, who tried to call her back. But Nina was not to be stopped.

"What is it, Giovanna? What is the matter?"

And Giovanna, in reply, stretched out her hand, and gave the locket to Nina.

"Beppino found it," she said.

"There, Miss Nina, you see it is just as I said. She took the locket whilst you were looking at her flowers. Her sharp little scissors cut the ribbon, and now that there's a hue-and-cry after it she's got frightened. I hope they will put her into prison, that I do."

"For shame, Lydia; you've no right to say such things. Stop, stop, policeman; don't take her away," cried Nina, clinging to Giovanna. "Mamma, mamma, do come down; you can speak Italian, and make it all right!"

Mrs. Leslie could not come down, but an Italian lady who was with her came to the rescue.

After a few questions, she saw that Giovanna was speaking the truth; and, turning to the policeman, she explained that Mrs. Leslie would be quite satisfied, and that he need not trouble any more about the matter.

The policeman was not altogether pleased, for he hoped to have claimed the reward offered for the locket. But the lady's husband was a man of importance, and so he went away.

Mrs. Leslie sent for Giovanna, and drew out of her the whole story of the finding of the locket, and of her father's temptation, which caused Mrs. Leslie the more to blame herself for allowing a child like Nina to wear so valuable an ornament as the locket.

"And now, Giovanna," said she, "I will give you the reward I offered to whoever should bring it back."

Giovanna had never heard of the reward, and did not want to be paid for bringing back the Signorina's locket with the picture in it. But Mrs. Leslie said that what she had promised she must perform.

"And," she added, "you can take it to your father and mother, and tell them to buy what will make you more comfortable with it."

So at last Giovanna took it and went on her way homeward. She found her father and mother very quiet, for the police had frightened them, and threatened to pay them another visit if their story of Giovanna's taking back the locket proved to be untrue.

"But it is all right now," said Giovanna, pouring the money into her mother's lap. "The Signorina has sent the reward money, and that is honestly ours. Ah, poor father, you must not be tempted again."

MAY'S TRIP.

BY L. F.

ARNE HOUSE was a school kept by Miss Dobbs. The term had now come to an end, and all the girls but May Greene had gone home.

She was the child of Mr. Greene, and he had left her in Miss Dobbs' charge when, three years since, he had to go back to Sainde, where May was born, and where, too, Mrs. Greene had died.

May found it dull at first when all her young friends had gone, but Miss Dobbs soon found such lots of things for May to help her do, she had no time to think about it.

There was the cook, whom she went down to help make cakes, and mince pies, and tarts. Then there were the plants to see to, and the birds to feed, and her scales and tunes to play through each day.

May did so wish that Miss Dobbs would let her off her scales—she did not like them at all; but Miss Dobbs told her no one learnt to play well who did not take pains with their scales, and so as May did want to play well when she grew up, she thought she would try and not mind them.

There was one thing which May could not do, and, I am sure, all strong boys and girls will feel it must have been hard for her, and that was that she might not go out at all when the wind was north or east.

A short time back she had had a bad cold, and was so ill that Dr. Lloyd, who came to see her, told Miss Dobbs she would have to take great care of her, for her chest was not at all strong.

May, of course, did not like to stay in when all the rest of the girls could go out, and in past years it had been such fun to go out when the snow was on the ground, and skate when the ice was thick in the ponds.

Ten days had gone by since the girls left, and May's thoughts were just now full of why she had not heard from Mr. Greene for two mails.

The last two or three mails he had said his eyes hurt him a good deal; it was from the sand there is all around Sainde; and in a short time he should have to come home.

The day was fine and bright though cold, the snow lay thick on the ground, and the sun shone on it, and did what it could to melt it, but the frost was too hard, and the sun's strength too weak to do much in this way.

May was at her scales, and Miss Dobbs at work, when Jane, the maid, came to the door, and said—

"Please, m'm, Miss Gray would like to see you."

Miss Dobbs went out of the room to see her friend.

"Oh, Miss Dobbs," said Miss Gray, "I have come to ask you if it is true."

"If what is true?" said Miss Dobbs.

"Why, have you not heard that Mr. Greene is dead?"

"Dead!" said Miss Dobbs. "Who told you so?"

"Why, it is in the *News* that a train ran off the line near Nice, and that four lives were lost; one of them that of Mr. Greene, who was on his way home from the East."

"Oh, poor May, poor child! what shall I do? How can I tell her?" and sobs came, and tears ran down Miss Dobbs' cheeks.

"Well, don't tell her yet," said Miss Gray, "the news may not be true; wait for a few days till you can hear more."

"Of course," said Miss Dobbs, "it may not be so; for I don't know for a fact that he is on his way home. But I have thought the last few days that he might be; he said the last time that he should come soon."

The next two days were long sad ones for Miss Dobbs. Each hour she thought would bring her some news of Mr. Greene, but none came.

Mail day too had come around and brought no line from him, which made her feel that the news of his death might turn out true.

New Year's Eve had come, and Miss Dobbs sat in her own room, and her heart felt sore as she could hear May play "Ye banks and braes," which she had said should be the first piece she would play to Mr. Greene when he came home.

Soon she heard a sharp ring at the front door bell. Then some one came in and was shown to the room where May was playing.

Of course the tune came to an end at once; but May did not come out as it was her rule to do, and tear up the stairs to tell Miss Dobbs who it was.

Jane came up, and the name she gave to Miss Dobbs was "Mr. Greene."

Yes, it was Mr. Greene, and "Ye banks and braes" was the first piece he heard May play.

Miss Dobbs left him for some time to have a quiet talk with his child; then she went down and told him what a state of mind she had been in for the last two days.

And this was the first May knew of it. Mr. Greene said he had been in the train, but was in the front part of it, and there no one was hurt.

"I might have got here," he said, "last week; but I went out of my way to have a look at Cannes and Nice, and since then I have come as fast as the post could; so I thought I would not write, but come as a New Year's gift to May."

Then he told Miss Dobbs what his plans were; and they were these—to take May with him to Cannes, and stay there for three months; for, as it was nice and warm there, she could go out each day.

"It will be good, too, for me and my eyes," said he; "I have been told that fogs and damp are bad for them, and that is why I do not mean to stay here; for there the air is so pure and good. I hope I shall soon get quite well."

It was a nice change for May; from the first all was quite new to her. She thought it so nice to go in a boat, and could not think why Miss Dobbs said she did not like the sea.

In two days' time they got to Cannes, and May wrote each week to Miss Dobbs, and told her all she could of the place, and how they were out all day long in the bright sun, and sat by the sea to watch the blue waves; and this was at the time when all around Arne House snow lay thick on the ground.

At the end of spring Mr. Greene took May back to Miss Dobbs. Cannes had done her a great deal of good, and she was now quite strong.

She brought with her some small gift for each one of the girls; to most of them she brought sweets. You know how good French sweets are, and she had such lots to tell them of all she had seen. None of them had been so far, and they thought it was nice for May that she had gone.

Mr. Greene went back to Sainde. He told May that as soon as she was grown up she was to go out there too, and keep house for him.

SWALLOWING RATS.—An advertisement that appeared some weeks ago in the San Francisco newspapers set forth that a certain Matthew Peppermint would give every one who would dine with him on the following Saturday $2,000, upon condition that after dinner each guest should eat a paper tart, swallow a live rat, and drink a certain quantity of ink. The advertisement was answered by five needy fellows, and on the appointed day they sat down with their host to dinner in the hall of one of the best hotels in the city. After dinner five covered plates were brought to the table, and the competitors entered upon their tasks. The paper tart eating was not found to be very difficult, but the rat swallowing was only accomplished with much exertion, and not until one competitor had been badly bitten. Sooner or later, however, all five completed their labors; and then the host, after congratulating them in the most effusive manner, went up to his room to get the ten thousand dollars. But he did not return, and when the guests had waited two hours for him they had the mortification of hearing that their benevolent patron had gone off by train, leaving them to pay for their dinners, and taking with him $4,000, which he had obtained by letting seats in the hall to curious citizens, who were willing to pay a high price for the entertainment.

THE SHAH'S SON.

A Persian correspondent writes as follows of the most influential of the Shah's sons:—

His name is Masoud Mirza, and his official title is Fil-es Sultan. He is a man of about 37. He is the ablest, and, I think, the best of all the sons. Yet what things has he done! Talk about Nero, Caligula, and Tamerlane—this man, in his unpretentious small way, has outdone them. It is but a few months ago that he committed the following little pleasantries.

A mollah (priest) was the owner of a house in Ispahan, which on account of its site and location, was coveted by the Fil (who is governor of the whole northern portion of Persia).

The house being his patrimony, the mollah would not sell it to the Fil. The latter however, seized it and the grounds belonging to it. The poor mollah, made a beggar, went to Teheran, sought and obtained a hearing with the Shah, and received from the latter a few lines to the King's son. The letter was to the following effect:—

"My dear son,—This poor and pious mollah seeks mercy from you. Be indulgent to him, for he has a good, upright heart."

With this letter the mollah returned to Ispahan and obtained an audience of the Fil, to whom he delivered the royal parchment. The prince read it frowning. Then he turned to the mollah. "So you have a good heart! You surprise me! Why didn't you mention that before? Yet, if true, you ought to get your house back. I'll convince myself of the fact." Then, clapping his hands the executioner entered. "Cut this man's head off," he said. "Do it tenderly, so he will not suffer any pain, and then bring me his heart on a salver." The mollah, screaming, was dragged out of the room, and the order literally carried out. When the plate with the steaming heart on it was brought to the Fil, he looked at it and said, "So that's the way a good heart looks! H'm! Give that man his house back. What he's dead. Put him in a house where he'll be at rest, and won't trouble my father with his idle tales any more."

A soldier had been stealing a melon of a peasant. The peasant ran complaining to the Fil telling him that the peasant had refused to pay for the melon—5 shahis—nearly 5 cents. The Fil ordered the soldier to be brought before him. "Now I'll test this matter," he said to the peasant. "If this man has eaten the melon, you'll get your five shahis. If not off goes your head." The soldier was thereupon cut open, the melon was found, the peasant got his five shahis, and went on his way rejoicing.

THE WAY OF SUCCESS.—It was August 4, 1807,—nearly fourscore years ago. Robert Fulton arose that morning a happy man. He was confident of success. He had been building a boat to go without sails or oars, and such a thing had never been heard about before. The same power that could lift the cover of a tea kettle when it boiled could move a boat. So thought Robert Fulton, and many people laughed. But he finished his boat, and employed the famous Watt to build the engine, and on the morning of August 7, it was to sail from New York to Albany, 150 miles. A great many people assembled on the banks of the Hudson, and gentlemen had been invited to take the trial trip. The moment came there was a breathless silence. The boat moved surely and steadily, and then came to a dead stop. "Yes," said the wiseacres, "I said so; the thing is a failure." Was Mr. Fulton confused or discouraged? No. If his boat had moved forty yards by steam it could as easily move eighty. He lifted his hat and said, "Gentlemen, wait half an hour." And they waited. Fulton's quick eye ran over the machinery; he detected a misadjustment and remedied it, and then the boat sped up the Hudson. It was no failure. The way to success is to believe in your ability to accomplish it.

ROYAL CRAZES.—The late King Louis of Bavaria was the victim of many comparatively harmless hallucinations. Thus he never failed to pay homage to a certain tree, and to give his benediction to a certain hedge as he passed them. On returning to Lindenhof, after a long absence, he always embraced a column, which stands at the entrance of this lonely, and therefore favorite country seat. He was wont to dine with the bust of Louis XIV., treating it as if it was the great monarch himself, and he frequently stood in reverential attitude for hours before a statue of Marie Antoinette, at the feet of which a Court official was obliged to kneel, with outstretched, supplicating hands, although probably in anything but a prayerful frame of mind. When the king withdrew, he did so by walking slowly backwards, and then turned away as though the parting from the image of the person whom he evidently worshipped as a martyred and sainted queen, were extremely painful. He was a Louis Quatorze fanatic, and endeavored to surround himself with the objects and live in the style of that epoch. Toward the end of his life, however, he developed a passion for Chinese ceremonial.

DOUBTING.

BY G. L. M.

I look deep in your eyes to-night
And read the golden promise there:
The answer to the love I bear
Gleams in their depths of faithful light.

I read, and question not; nor hold
A lingering doubt if this be true—
That I am dearest unto you
Of all things, whether new or old.

Yet pardon me, beloved, if still
Some imperfections in the heart
Of my old life can make me start
In trustfulness beyond my will.

Some shame, some blame to thee unknown,
Steals like a phantom from its place;
It hides from me your loving face,
And leaves me yet once more alone.

Not doubt of you, but sad distrust
Of my own worthiness, and fear
Lest this may render me less dear,
Trail joy's full blossoms in the dust.

But sometimes, in a happier hour,
Come fancies that the love I hold
May change the baser dross to gold
By some unknown alchemic power.

That I may rise to nobler aims,
In nobler hopes the old forget;
And find, some golden morning yet,
Mine own among the glorious names.

Then, less unworthy, I should know
The fulness of your love, and keep
Its gracious promise hidden deep
From fear, and—let the old doubt go.

A LAND OF REVOLUTIONS.

In 1810 Mexico began to throw off the Spanish yoke, and ever since it has enjoyed the luxury of frequent revolutions. The rising of 1810 was headed by a priest, Don Miguel Hidalgo, and before the end of the first year of revolt he had over 100,000 men under arms. He was betrayed, however, and captured, March 21, 1811, and four months later was shot.

The contest was continued by another priest, Morelos, who called a national congress, that met in September, 1813, and in November declared Mexico independent. In 1815 Morelos was taken and executed as a rebel, and the authority of Spain was again re-established.

In 1820, Don Augustin Iturbide, an officer in the Royalist army, threw off his allegiance, and proclaimed Mexico independent, Feb. 24, 1821. This revolt was successful. The whole country recognised his authority, and May 19, 1822, he was proclaimed Emperor. His reign, however, was short. In December, of the same year, Santa Anna and other chiefs proclaimed a republic, and, in March, Iturbide abdicated rather than see the country again plunged into civil war.

Since then, Mexico has been in a chronic state of revolution. The first President under the constitution of 1824 was General Victoria. At the second presidential election, in 1828, the candidates were Generals Pedraza and Guerrero. The former being elected, the latter headed a rebellion against him, and forced him to flee from the country. Guerrero was then made President, but was deposed by his Vice-President, General Bustamente, in the latter part of 1829. Bustamente then had himself made President.

At the election of 1833 General Pedraza was again chosen, but had been only three months in office when he was deposed by Santa Anna, the latter taking office April 1, 1833. Laws passed during his administration, appropriating the Church property to the payment of the national debt, brought on an insurrection, which ended, in 1835, in the abrogation of the constitution of 1824, and the conversion of the confederation of States into a consolidated republic, of which Santa Anna was nominally constitutional President and practically dictator.

The unwillingness of Texas to acquiesce in this change led to a war between that province and the Government, in which the Texans were successful, and took Santa Anna captive. During his captivity Bustamente, who had returned from exile, became President April 19, 1837. Santa Anna, returning to the country at the close of the year, brought about a new revolution. He became Provisional President in March, 1839, holding office until July and was succeeded by General Bravo, who was President for a week.

A long period of confusion followed, the constitution was suspended, and the Government became a Dictatorship, at the head of which were alternately Santa Anna, Bravo, and Canalizo from Oct. 10, 1841, to June 4, 1844. Constitutional Government was resumed in 1844, with Santa Anna as President. He was deposed and banished by a revolution in September following, and was succeeded by Canalizo, who held office until December. His successor, Herrera, was in office one year, was deposed by a revolution in December, 1845, and was succeeded by General Paredes. During the next year Santa Anna, who had returned from exile, was made President by his party.

In the war with the United States which now followed, Santa Anna was overthrown. Herrera was again made President, holding office for two years, and giving place to General Arista, who was deposed by the Santa Anna party in 1853. The last-named officer was for the fifth time made President in this year, but, having attempted to secure the office for life, he was overthrown in August, 1855, by a revolution under General Alvarez, who was at once appointed in his place. Alverez resigned in favor if Comonfort in December following, and a series of revolutions ensued, chiefly instigated by the Church party. A new constitution was adopted in 1857.

In January, 1858, Comonfort was deposed in favor of General Zoloaga. Benito Juarez now headed a revolution against Zoloaga. He was defeated in the first battle, but going to Vera Cruz he established himself there as constitutional President. Zoloaga abdicated in favor of Miramon, who now headed a campaign against Juarez, which terminated, however, in the triumphal entry of the latter into the capital Jan. 11, 1861. Juarez held the office of President and personally commanded the army during the war with France. The Conservative party, backed by the French army, succeeded in foisting an Imperial Government in the person of Maximilian of Austria upon the country in 1864; but this was overthrown in 1867, and the ill-fated Emperor paid for his ambition with his life.

Juarez was the first President of Mexico who held power during his full term of office. He ruled until 1872, putting down several minor revolutions in the meanwhile. In 1872 Lerdo was elected, and managed to keep the revolutionists quiet during a four years' term; but on his re-election in 1876 they broke out again. Lerdo and his Cabinet were banished, and Porfirio Diaz, leader of the insurgents, was made President. A few revolutionary outbreaks against President Diaz were promptly suppressed. In 1880, Gonzalez the candidate of the Government party, was elected. The country was kept in a position of remarkable quietness during his administration, but in the summer of 1884 there was an attempt at a revolution again. It was promptly suppressed, and in the autumn Porfirio Diaz was peacefully re-elected President, assuming the functions of his office Dec. 1, 1884. A new revolution is just now about due.

Grains of Gold.

Oil and truth will get the uppermost at last.

It is the business of every man to fight evil.

Books—Lighthouses erected in the sea of time.

Never scald your lips in other people's broth.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it strikes.

Death is nearer to us than the eyelid is to the eye.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at evil.

The most delightful pleasures cloy without variety.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen.

It is a great virtue to love, to give, and to follow good counsel.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.

More lies are told about money than anything else in the world.

That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of your own wrong doing.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

Man should trust in God as if God did all, and labor himself as if man did all.

Femininities.

Women in mischief are wiser than men.

The best woman in the world is the one we love.

Mrs. Hemans published a volume of poems at 14.

All are good lasses, but where come the ill wives from.

An electric apparatus will protect Mrs. Stewart's tomb.

The Pullman Car Company employ female detectives.

Love is without prudence, and anger is without counsel.

Social leaders in New York are using cinnamon as a perfume.

The old-fashioned brooches, with portraits on, are back again.

A Polk county, Ga., man is living pleasantly with his eighth wife.

Mrs. Mary Pleasants, colored, of San Francisco, is worth $250,000.

A high-school girl of Bay City, Mich., quotes Shakespeare in her sleep.

Tricycling is becoming immensely popular among the women of England.

How to describe a girl's luncheon in three words?—Giggle, gabble, gobble.

Bed-room slippers covered with feathers are an extravagant fancy with some ladies.

Rhode Island's census shows a preponderance of 11,000 females in that little State.

A rich Indiana girl, seeing no other way of distinguishing herself, married a circus clown.

One of the fancies of Queen Margharita of Italy is a strong preference for women physicians.

When a girl gets in a husband a better man than she expected him to be, he is a sir prise to her.

The Princess of Wales has received a love of a bonnet from Africa. It is made of silver leaves.

Pocahontas bonnets are so called because trimmed with feathers wholly unknown to the early Indians.

A young lady with the suggestive name of Miss Killgoose, is studying law at the Michigan University.

Dr. Mary Walker has one great sorrow. She has no little boys for whom she can make over her old pantaloons.

The female editor of a Western paper observes: "Matrimonial difficulties cannot be smoothed over with a flat-iron."

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was as vulgar not to eat a beefsteak with your fingers as it is now to eat peas with your knife.

Instead of painting plaques and saucers it is now the thing for fashionable young ladies to etch and paint on wood and silk.

Mother Goose's maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1635, and married Isaac Goose, of Boston, in 1665.

There is really something sublime about the old maid who accepts her lot and who assumes no airs on that account. She is usually a wise woman.

The "pup lift" is a contrivance something like a shawl strap, by which fashionable New York ladies may lift their pet poodles over a mud puddle.

An English mastiff stopped a runaway in Wisconsin recently. He attempted to seize the bridle, but, failing, caught the reins and held on until the horse stopped.

I tell you what it is, the fellow that can invent a machine to do housework will be more reverenced in the years to follow than all the heroes that history tells us about.

An injunction was taken out in New York lately restraining a certain "cowboy pianist" from playing the piano in any public place. Other performers are still unrestrained.

It isn't always safe to judge things by their outward appearance. There's many a sealskin sacque that has been bought by an unwilling husband as a means of getting his wife to give her jaw a little rest.

The Maine drummers at a recent dinner had on their menus the picture of a traveling man approaching a young lady in a nearly empty railroad car, and saying: "I beg your pardon, is this seat engaged?"

Kinch Kitchen, living near Tallapoosa, Ga., says he has not been the least mad or vexed in 15 years. Mr. Kitchen says fifteen years ago he swore off from getting mad and kept his resolution from that day till this.

"It's been given out that my daughter was married," said a gentleman near Camden recently; "but I want to state there ain't no truth in it. Such talk as that will keep the young men away. She ain't married at all, but is jest as willin' as ever."

Mrs. Collier, of Oakland, Cal., has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he frequently went fishing, did not supply her with a sufficient quantity of butter and eggs, and often complained because he had to eat a cold supper after a day of piscatorial sport.

Waiting for her to retract. "Orlando, I didn't see you with Miss Brown at the concert last night." "No, Percy; I'm not calling on her any more. I can't until she retracts what she said the other week." "Ah! what did she say?" "Well, she said I needn't call any more."

The "basket sociable," popular in Texas, is described as follows: "Each young lady is to provide a handsome basket containing lunch for two. These baskets will be for sale to the gentlemen present, and each purchaser will be entitled to the privilege of entertaining for the evening the lady whose name he will find in the basket."

Masculinities.

Pardon all but thyself.

Small things make base men proud.

He who does not appreciate does not possess.

Some men acquire a lazy habit of being good.

The man in love with himself never has a rival.

To whom you betray your secret you give your liberty.

A politician is honest when all other means have failed.

Those who have tried it say that crocodile tastes like veal.

Egotism is a man without a collar carrying a gold-headed cane.

Sauer-kraut suppers are announced as a delicacy in Harrisburg.

With the generality of men policy is much more powerful than principle.

A fashionable wedding present is a door-plate with the bridegroom's name on it.

Hannibal Hamlin's brothers were called Alexander, Julius Cæsar and Cincinnatus.

A Michigan man set a bear-trap in front of his chicken coop and was caught in it himself.

A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of new music.

All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge is without some darkness.

There is said to be a tree in New Guinea which, when touched, knocks a man down. It must be a species of boxwood.

A man in Tulare, Cal., lately deeded a piece of property to his wife in consideration of "love and affection in hand paid."

The place that is paved with good intentions must be lofty or the pavement would have touched the ceiling long before now.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived 109 years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only 60. Laughing, then, is best.

Revivalist Sam Jones said in Boston: "The biggest fool in the world is the woman who marries a man whose breath smells of whisky."

It appears to us that the woman's heart kept in alcohol in this city isn't much of a curiosity. We have no doubt several women have hearts.

A good many fables begin "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have been once on a time they are apt to invent fables.

A Des Moines schoolboy saved his pennies and practiced heroic self-denial to buy clothes for another little boy whose parents were too poor to provide him suitable school garments.

She: "Please do not think any more about me, Mr. Masher. I have told you that I have neither love for nor confidence in men." He: "But surely you do not count me among the men?"

"Do you object to smoking, Miss Flo?" asked young Dumley. "Not at all," replied Miss Flo; "but I don't want pa to see me. He's got old-fashioned notions about such things, you know."

A fashion writer says that dresses are to be full this summer. We prefer them full. We should like to know what satisfaction it would be to a young man to have an empty dress on his knee.

Tender-hearted young lady—"O! you cruel, heartless little wretch! to rob those poor birds of their eggs!" Wicked little boy: "Ho! That's the old one that you've got on yer bonnet. Guess she won't care."

Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 A. M.

The meanest church organist lives here. He is all bent with age, and the other day, at a wedding of an antique belle, whom he courted many years before, he astonished everybody by playing a fantasia on the air, "When You and I Were Young."

A law in West Virginia prohibits the placing of the name of any person who may directly or indirectly ask the court to put his name on the jury list. Citizens who want to escape all jury service thus find a ready means of succeeding by merely requesting the court to select them.

A novel advertising scheme was introduced by a merchant in Albany lately. A series of prodigious boot tracks were painted leading from each side of the square to his establishment. The scheme worked to perfection, for everybody seemed curious enough to follow them to their destination.

"I declare," said Bella, sweetly, "your thoughts run exactly in unison with mine, Augustus. I had those very words in my mouth." "Yes, and I saw him put 'em there, too, for I was behind the sofa before mamma came in, when he held his mouth to yours!" said little Johnny, emphatically.

"Do you see that gentleman over there, the handsome fellow, twisting his moustache?" said one woman to another, to whom she had just been introduced. "He has been watching me all the evening and making eyes at me. I think he must be smitten. Do you know who he is?" "Yes; he's my husband."

The coal handlers' strike is spreading. A small boy in Southwark has systematically neglected to bring up the morning scuttleful for several days. As the last time he was seen he was going down into the cellar in company with his father and a skate trap, it is believed the matter will be settled by arbitration.

An actor in New York, who is minus his left arm, was handed at the box office of his theatre the other night a package, with a note from a perfect stranger, enclosing half a dozen fine gloves, all rights, and the note saying that they were of no use to the sender, and he took pleasure in sending them to a man who could help him wear a pair of gloves.

Recent Book Issues.

"George Washington's Fifty-seven Rules of Behavior" is a little book, but full of value and wisdom. It is gotten up in a beautiful form, and sold by W. H. Lawrence, Denver, Col.

"Boscobel," the story of a winter in Florida, has a great deal to recommend it. There is a family estate about which the plot is woven, and in the period intervening until the time the heir makes his appearance and marries the heroine—the latter a most charming character—the adventures are lively, interesting, and to some extent novel. So far as Florida enters into the tale, it is sketched from life, and with no unskilful hand. Altogether, there is sufficient in "Boscobel" to charm those who depend alone on the characters and plot, and those who rather look to word-painting or language. Many a duller novel has become famous. It is written by E. M. Newton, and is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"The Darling of an Empire," by F. E. G., is a story dealing with characters and events in France around the time of the fall of the last Napoleon. Though not mentioned, it is either a translation from the French, or the product of one deeply versed in the novels of that school. Saying this, we of course imply that it is full of romance, exciting incidents, and sparkling narrative. The plot is cut on the standard model, introducing both real and shadowed personages, with good and powerful effect. Nothing about "The Darling of an Empire" makes it great, but there is always a corner of the reading mind that may be well filled with such matter, and this offers material fully up to the average in all respects. Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York.

"Uncle Max," a novel by Rose Nouchette Carey, is the story of a rather strong-minded young lady, who thinks that she has a mission in the world to perform. She, Ursula Garston, is an orphan, with a small income, and having lost her much-loved twin brother, in a conversation with her mother's brother, Uncle Max, a clergyman, she goes to the village where he is stationed, and becomes a nurse for the parish poor and sick. The physician there, Giles Hamilton, a friend of Uncle Max's, and wealthy, practices from charitable motives only. The plot turns on the supposed theft of a cheque from Dr. Hamilton's desk by a younger step-brother, who quarrelled with him and disappeared about that time, and is supposed to have been drowned shortly afterward. Ursula straightens everything out, and marries the doctor. The book is exceedingly well-written, very interesting, and fully up to the other efforts of this author. J. B. Lippincott & Company, publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for March opens with a very amusing as well as clever paper, entitled, "Why do People wish to be Rich?" The second and concluding paper on "Charles Wesley in Marylebone" is given, accompanied by an admirable portrait of this eminent divine. Dean Stanley and Dean Blackesley, are the subjects of this month's paper on "Some Great Biblical Scholars." There is a sensible article on "Wholesome Recreation for Young Women and Girls." Of theological papers we have "Our Lord's Divinity Incidentally Proved," "Promises for this Life," "Flying, Running and Walking in Christian Life," and "The Lord, Our Burden Bearer." There are the continuations of the serial stories, "A Faithful Heart," "Mrs. Willowburn's Offer," besides the usual number of short stories, poems and music, and an unusually full department of "Short Arrows." Cassell & Company, New York.

FAR-WEST FASHIONS.—"It is no longer fashionable," says a local dancing professor, "for men to dance in their bare feet in Denver ballrooms, and I am in hopes that before long they will cease the disagreeable habit of shooting the fiddler when he breaks a string. In good society the ladies always remove their overshoes before going on the floor, and the practice of handing round chewing gum between the dances is being discouraged as rapidly as possible."

THE DEMAND FOR LABOR.—According to the London *Spectator* there are thousands of middle-class women in that city who are almost in despair for money, who rush in hundreds for any vacancies, who inundate advertisers with letters, and who, if they can only keep their caste and not do manual labor, will take any wages and accept any kind of a situation. An offer of a "companionship" and $100 a year brings hundreds of applicants, while $70 is a common salary, and many apply for situations where only a "Christian home" is offered.

AURELIA, darling." "Yes, Arthur." "You know that we are soon to be married?" "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Hadn't you better lower the gas a little?"

Don't Read This

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Saved By a Snowstorm.

BY L. B. LEIGH.

IT WAS was wild weather at Ormsby; the sea ran high, and the spray dashed against the sea-wall which protected the fine old mansion of Ormsby Court from the full fury of the tide.

Notwithstanding the storm a lady, wrapped in a large grey cloak, her bright, golden hair blowing across her face, stood looking up the road which led to the neighboring town of Lisa, longing and waiting for tidings of her absent and fugitive husband, for it was the close of the year '45.

The battle of Culloden had been fought the preceding spring, and the young master of Ormsby Court had been one of the Chevalier's most trusted adherents.

When Captain Ormsby had married Lady Grace, the beautiful and gentle daughter of Lord Courtenay, it had been considered a brilliant match for him; but the wiseacres had shaken their heads and predicted no good from an alliance in which political differences were so great, for the Courtenays had ever clung to the White Rose, while the Ormsbys were attached to and had received favors from the Hanoverian Sovereigns.

But after a time the young wife's influence had so far prevailed that, on Prince Charlie's second attempt Walter Ormsby, with all the zeal of a convert, had been one of the first to offer allegiance to the Pretender and to join him in Scotland.

After the fatal battle of Culloden several of the tenants and servants who had followed Captain Ormsby crept back to their homes, too humble and insignificant to fear the vengeance of the Government; and from them the almost distracted wife, who feared to hear every day of her husband's arrest, and felt very bitterly that she was the primary cause of her husband's position, learned that he had intended to take ship, and hoped to escape to Holland.

From that time no word had reached her of his whereabouts, and every day increased her anxiety to know whether he had really left the country, and if so, where she could join him; for there seemed little doubt that the old Court, on which she gazed so lovingly and regretfully this wild November afternoon, would now pass out of the hands of the Ormsbys for ever.

As she looked up the road a sudden glow of color and flash of steel came round the corner of a hill about two miles distant, and appeared to be making for the road which led to the Court, and Lady Grace turned quickly towards home, to prepare her servants for the unwelcome, but not altogether unexpected, visitors.

The old butler, Rolf, met her in the hall, and looked, as she thought, strangely at her.

"A poor man wants to see you, my lady. He wishes to thank you. You were kind to him once in London, I suppose. He is in my room."

"Give him food and shelter, good Rolf. It will be a stormy night. But I cannot see him now. I saw some troops coming round the hill. No doubt they intend to search the house. Thank heaven, your master has escaped them!"

An awful look of fear came over the old man's face. Lifting up his hands, he cried: "Oh, my Lady! my Lady! the master is here. It is he who is down stairs. I wanted to break it to you. Oh, that he should have come back just now!"

Lady Grace rushed past him and into a room, where, sitting by the fire, was a gaunt, haggard, miserably clad man, in whom she recognized with difficulty the handsome, gallant husband who had left her so full of hope and life not a year before. A long, speechless embrace was interrupted by Lady Grace exclaiming—

"We must hide you, and directly. But where?" looking at the same time agonizingly at the old servant, who had now followed her into the room.

"My Lady," said he, "there is no place in the house to hide even a child, and it is impossible to escape by the road. The only place I can think of is the little cave where you, sir, and your brothers, played hide and seek when you were little ones. They might overlook it, and I see no other chance."

It was, indeed, a slender thread on which to hang a precious life; but Lady Grace, convinced of the truth of the old man's words, hastily assented.

All through the dark winter night the drowsy troopers sat round the fire in the great kitchen, envied by their comrades who kept guard outside, for the captain in charge, finding that the daylight was rapidly waning, had contented himself with thoroughly examining the house and placing sentries in the grounds and about the neighborhood, postponing his search there until the morrow.

That night was a long one to the poor young wife, who sat sleepiessly in her room, and it seemed endless to the poor prisoner in the little cave by the sea, shivering dispirited, and scarcely daring to move, for fear to attracting the attention of his enemies.

When the first rays of the morning came, Lady Grace went to the window and saw that the ground was white with a heavy fall of snow. A faint knock at the door aroused her. It was Rolf, with something in his face which seemed like hope and joy.

"My Lady, this is from heaven. I do not believe that in such snow as this anyone could find that cave."

He left the room, hardly able to repress his tears, for he was tenderly attached to the master whom, as a boy, he had often held upon his knee.

Kneeling at a window, Lady Grace prayed as she had never prayed before; and as she knelt, the soft white mantle fell thicker and yet thicker, until every small object in park and garden lay hidden under so many feet of snow that the country people said there had not been such a fall for thirty years.

When Captain Duberly made his inspection that day the little cave was so entirely hidden by an immense snowdrift that a trooper who rode, at great danger to himself, down the narrow ledge on which it opened, and must inevitably have discovered the entrance, reported that there was no place in which to conceal anyone in that part of the shore; and, having thoroughly searched the neighbourhood, Captain Duberly took his leave the same evening.

The household, being made acquainted with their master's refuge, now fetched him joyfully, and as secretly as might be, from his cold, dark prison. He was faint, weary, and almost hopeless but alive, and was lovingly tended by his devoted wife in the old home, until a fishing smack was able to get away with him on board. When he was safely landed on the shores of France, she very soon joined him.

During the time he remained at Ormsby Court he told a tale of almost unprecedented privations. The vessel in which he had sailed for Holland had been driven back by violent storms; and, hunted from place to place, he had literally begged his way back to Ormsby, expecting every day to be taken, and on one occasion was actually nearly captured by the Duke of Cumberland's troops.

* * * * * *

After many years, Walter Ormsby, having been granted a free pardon, with his good and gentle wife, returned to the old home of his race. There, too, old Rolf, now very aged, lived to hold on his knee a third generation of the Ormsbys, and no tale was so popular with the youngsters as that told by him in the twilight, while the wind howled and the snow fell round the grand old home, of how Grandpapa had been "Saved by a Snowstorm."

MODES OF SALUTATION.—The Irish say on meeting, "God bless you!" On entering a dwelling, "God save all here!"

The Arabs say on meeting, "A fine morning to you!"

The Turk says with dignified gravity, "God grant you His blessings!"

The Persian salutation is familiar to all the world from its quaintness, "May your shadow never grow less!"

The Egyptian is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes under the burning sun, and accordingly, when he meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you sweat?"

The reader is probably aware that in those low latitudes, all is well with a laborer as long as he perspires freely.

The good Chinaman loves his dinner, "How are you digesting?" he kindly inquires, on meeting a friend.

The Greeks, who are keen men of business, and close bargainers, ask one another, "How are you getting on?"

The national salutation of Naples was formerly, "Grow in grace!" At present, in all parts of Italy, they use a phrase equivalent to, "How do you stand?"

The Spaniards, "How are you passing it?"

The French, "How do you carry yourself?"

The Germans, "How does it go?"

The Dutch, "How do you navigate?"

The Swedes, "How can you?" meaning, "Are you in good vigor?"

The Russians, "Be well!"

The English speaking races, in addition to the juvenile and telephonic "Hello!" say, "How are you?" and "How do you do?"

LIFE'S BEAUTY.—Life is an inconceivably beautiful thing so soon as we reach that point whence we can look out upon it, through a clear conscience and a character well buffeted by experience. The one diffuses a pure, heavenly light over all the strange and complex mass which meets the eye, the other tones down our enthusiasm without destroying the vigor. Enthusiasm is to the character what blood is to the physical life—without it lassitude, and finally death, would ensue. Upon its quality, however, depends the beauty or deformity of the life it nourishes. Ideality is at the bottom of the true enthusiasm; the striving after perfection makes the great artist, the noble philanthropist, the self-sacrificing patriot. The idealist soon discovers how easy it is to appear courteous, respectable, virtuous; how difficult to be truly benevolent, tolerant, and charitable; but is never satisfied unless earnestly engaged in accomplishing the best he sees.

A RESIDENT of Carson, Nevada, went to the court to put a man under bonds to keep the peace, and his honor asked, "What do you fear from this man?" "That he will take my life." "For what reason?" "Why, I sold him $28,000 worth of silver stock at par last year and it's selling now at five cents on the dollar. He can't understand the fluctuations of the stock market, and is carrying a Derringer in his overcoat pocket.

'Do you work miracles here?" said a skeptical printer, who had come in to break up a meeting. "No," said the leader, as he collared the rascal, "but we cast out devils."

The wide spread fame of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is justly won, by its own merits, and the reputation it has gained has been secured by its universal use.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations,**
Toothache,	**Congestion,**

DIFFICULT BREATHING

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the malarial poison will, every morning take from 20 to 30 drops of Ready Relief in water and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT

—THE—

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, &c., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Disease, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaint.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Urinary Diseases, its marvelous power in dissolving stone and calculous concretions, curing gravel, gleet and discharges from the genital glands; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing Diabetes, Inflammation or Irritation of the Bladder, Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, White Sand, etc., establishes its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S

PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Purgation made perfect by Dr. Radway's Pills. Uniformity and Safety of Action Secured. Perfect Digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about 10 o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. ☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THAT BOY.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbow out,
Mamma hears, with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught,
In one short hour they are forgot;
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Thus she muses while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries;
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

With aching head this mother mild
Looks to the future for her child;
Still heedless yells, in accents wild,
That boy.

She hears the dread, unearthly tone,
And stifles something like a groan,
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile,
Summon back thy loving smile,
Soon will graver care beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man,
If thou wouldst trust and honor then
That boy.

Trust him now, and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

—U. N. Nonr.

The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

The world owes us all a living, but the difficulty is to collect it.

You light a match to make it burn, and burn a match to make it light.

Two heads are better than one. This is especially true in the case of the drum.

There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand—Picking pockets.

"Jack, please don't; you muss my hair." But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.

"Well, what is it, Norah?" "Indade, mum, the water's cold." "What water?" "The hot water, mum."

The toboggan business is only a temporary mania. Every slide in the country will be abandoned before July 1st.

Thompson: "Suppose a man should call you a liar, what should you do?" Jones, hesitatingly: "What dazed man?"

Taking pictures after dark has been successfully tried. A photographer is offering a reward for the man who did it.

A Boston girl who wears glasses says that she admires pugilism, but considers it immodest to fight with bare knuckles.

"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you would not be a fool," was the reply.

The hat makers had a banquet the other night, and the next morning not one of them could find a hat in his shop big enough for him.

A notice posted in a certain town reads: "Cash paid for butchers' hides." This shows what popular indignation against butchers may lead to.

Inebriated party: "Shay, mister, how far is't to Canal street?" Citizen: "Twenty minute's walk." Inebriated party: "For you—hic—or for me?"

"Smile when you can," warbles a new fledged poet. We can do that easy enough, but what we are anxious to know is how a fellow is going to smile when he can't.

"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it." "Faith, mum, it's a drinkin' it and breathing on the glass I'm doin'."

"I reach and reach, but cannot grasp," writes a poet. Well, people should not put a porous plaster between their shoulder blades unless they can rely on some one to take it off.

"It strikes me," said a man recently, "that we do not want any war with Canada. When we were drafted in 1861-4 we knew where to go, but in case of trouble with Canada where could we go?"

A man complained at a restaurant because he found a button in his soup. The waiter mollified him by stating that they put buttons in their soup so that they could button it up and keep it warm.

A Brooklyn man is bent on going to sea. He has been reading the Enoch Arden class of stories till his soul is fired with an ambition to be wrecked and come home and find his wife married to some other fellow.

If a man were in such a physical condition that a doctor would feel justified in telling him that he was about 15 per cent from all right, he would still have the satisfaction of declaring himself as sound as a trade dollar.

Recently a cow attacked a small chicken, and the parent hen made a stroke at it with its bill and laid it lifeless. Perhaps the reader is incredulous, but his faith may return when he is told that "cow" is a misprint for "crow."

It is announced at this late day that Abraham Lincoln never told a lie in his life. What excuse he made to his mother when he came home with his hair wet and his shirt wrong side out is not given. Perhaps she thought he had fallen off a haystack or been wrestling with a calf.

HINTS FOR CONDUCT.

Fifty years ago there was a well known publication called "The Good Manners Book." It contained instructions in regard to going to and returning from church, on table etiquette, etc. On each page was a picture representing the fault mentioned in a couplet beneath. The following are a few specimen couplets that are appropriate for advice in some domestic circles to-day:

Writhe not your limbs in every shape
Of awkward gesture like an ape.
Twirl not your toes, nor lolling stand,
Nor in your pockets place your hand.
All whispering, giggling, winking, shun;
Turn not your back on any one.
When you blow your nose be brief,
And neatly use your handkerchief.
Do not allow yourselves to look
In letters, papers, or a book.
(Till you have leave.)
Set not your knife and fork up straight;
Gaze not upon another's plate.
Dip not a dirty knife in salt.
But carefully avoid the fault
Of blowing while at meals your nose,
Unless necessity impose.
When drinking do not stare around,
Nor make a harsh nor gurgling sound.
Turn not your meat nor view it close,
Nor even hold it to your nose.
Stuff not your mouth nor blow your meat,
Wait till it's cool enough to eat.
If in your food should chance to be
What can't be eat conveniently,
Remove it from your mouth with care.
Lean not upon another's chair.
Use not a toothpick to be seen,
But hold a napkin for a screen.

Suicide by Quadrupeds.—On the subject of suicide by animals, one is disinclined to believe in deliberate intention of suicide in so-called "animals," for one reason among others, because we think if they were capable of entertaining the idea they would take advantage of it so often to be rid of the miseries the human animal inflicts on them, that the present doubt would not exist. Would not half the cab-horses crawl into the river, and would not high spirited mongrels devise means of being beforehand with the policeman's truncheon? Nevertheless, a gentleman went last winter to the south of France on a visit to relatives. He was out of health, certainly, but it was quite expected that the change of climate would restore him. His faithful dog did not bear him company, but remained with his wife and friends. The hopes of his recovery proved fallacious, and when the news of his death came it was an unexpected grief. The dog seemed fully to understand the nature of the bereavement, and shared the grief of the family to such an overwhelming extent that one day it went to an upper window and jumped out, killing itself in a very distressing way. The dog was a small terrier.

What's in a Name.—There is no doubt a large fund of originality in this country yet very little of it seems to have been expended in the naming of towns in the United States, for the American Business Directory for 1887 contains references to 32 Washingtons, 20 Bridgeports, 19 Londons, 18 Buffaloes, 18 Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, 17 Clevelands, 17 Rochesters, 16 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons, 13 Pittsburgs, 11 St. Pauls, 9 Romes, 8 Cincinnatis, 8 Philadelphias, 7 Detroits, 6 Chicagoes, 5 Milwaukees, 5 St. Louises, 4 Baltimores, 4 Franklins, and 4 New Yorks. This perplexing multiplication of names is partly explained by the fact that in the earlier days of the Republic it sometimes became the duty of a single citizen to invent off-hand designations for several hundreds of places. In 1832, for instance, the Attorney-General of New York was directed by the regulation to find names for four hundred townships. Assisted by Rollin's "Ancient History" and an old atlas, he managed to execute the great part of the task in one night. Next morning he triumphantly finished his labors by utilising the christian and surnames of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts."

Another Jones has arisen in the South, where he is raising excitement among his colored brethren by declaring that he is on a divine mission to let them know that there will be a famine two years hence, and that the end of the world is approaching. He wants twelve "sisters" to act as disciples in following him about on his travels.

"How can I leave thee?" he gently murmured, as the clock tolled one. "Ask me something easy," she yawned. "Pa's at the front door with a gun, and the dog's loose in the back-yard." (Confidentially—He went away through the coal-hole.)

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

LAIRD'S

Depot 39 Barclay St., N. Y.

WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

Laird's White Lilac Toilet Soap is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear soft* and *smooth*.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

CATARRH, which is the commonest of all diseases and the most neglected, consists of acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of some part of the air passages. It is an established fact that it is a LOCAL, and NOT a constitutional disease, as many suppose. Sudden changes of atmosphere, and exposure to wet and cold when the strength of the body is exhausted will often produce it.

The symptoms of catarrh consist chiefly of pains in the limbs, aching of the back, great soreness at the back of the head, a sense of tightness across the forehead, heat and stiffness of the nose, a constant desire to get rid of some unpleasant substance which seems to be high up the nostril, by blowing and drawing it with a suction-like effort to the back of the throat, often lodging in the bronchial tubes, creating a constant hawking and coughing, and a desire to clear the throat. In its more advanced stage the symptoms become more aggravated; there is a feeling of uneasiness as if the nose was *stuffed up*, owing to the thickened mucous membrane impeding the passage of the air. There is a frontal headache, cough, general weakness and much mental depression; but the most troublesome symptom is a profuse fetid, muco-purulent discharge. Sometimes this discharge is quite purulent, while it is generally tinged with blood if there be any ulcer on the mucous membrane. Large solid flakes of fibrine, or of hardened mucous occasionally come away. The smell from these crusts, owing to the rapidity with which they decompose, is so very offensive and taints the breath to such an extent that the patient is unable to go into society. He becomes an object of disgust to himself, and if he can obtain no relief, becomes despondent, has no appetite, loses his flesh, and passes his days in a miserable existence.

Many of the circulars which flood the market try to prove that Catarrh is constitutional, but the people's own good sense ought to teach them that it is the result only of a common cold, which, by being neglected, runs on its course until the unpleasant symptoms which we have enumerated, follow. In order to reach the disease and cure it, the cause must be removed, and it is only by *thoroughly washing the parts out* with a remedy that will kill the disease that the trouble can be removed. *An extract from a Clinic lecture by Prof. Gross says:* "Gentlemen, in treating Catarrh it is NECESSARY that the nasal passages should be thoroughly cleansed by washing them out with injections, for in no other way can the parts affected be reached."

We do not profess to cure the thousand-and-one ills which most of the remedies profess to cure, but we do profess to *cure Catarrh*. We have cured cases of *fifty* years standing. We have testimonials of the highest character from persons who have been cured by our remedy. We have called it "The Catarrh Wash," for that is just what it is. The disease is *washed out by the roots* so thoroughly, that the patient is overcome with joy at the thought of being freed from one of the most disagreeable and offensive of diseases.

We let our preparation sell upon its own merits. We do not say that *every* case will be cured by the use of one box only, for where the case is of long standing it will require a longer time to yield; but a little perseverance will surely overcome the disease.

Price $1.00 per Box, or Six Boxes for $5.00; or one Package, which contains Fourteen Boxes, for $10.00, which would be sufficient to cure any case of twenty years standing.

Our object in putting up fourteen boxes in one package instead of a dozen, is to allow every druggist to give two boxes away *gratuitously* to some needy person in order to test its merits and prove that our "Catarrh Wash" is all that we represent it to be.

Each box contains 24 treatments. To induce the afflicted to give our Wash a trial, we will send two one dollar packages, for two persons, to one address, provided both names are given, on receipt of one dollar. Remit by P. O. check or registered letter. Address,

E. W. STANTON & CO., Proprietors,
916 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
In the United States, Canada and England wear
"GOOD SENSE"
CORSET WAISTS.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
BEST FOR HEALTH, Economy and Beauty.
Buttons at front instead of Clasps.
Be sure your Corset is stamped "Good Sense."
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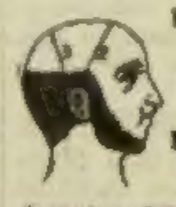

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Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. The National Co. 23 Dey St., N. Y.

BADGER QUEEN OATS. The greatest yielder ever introduced. Special Premiums $75.00 awarded at Ill. State Fair against 20 competing varieties. Ohio Experimental station, report largest yield in 28 varieties. 9 lb., 85c.; 1 lb., 40c prepaid. Special circular and 48 page catalogue free. F. N. Lang, Seedman, Baraboo, Wis.

1000 AGENTS WANTED to sell Lang's Live Northern Seeds. $5 per day easily earned. Terms free. Lang, Seedman, Baraboo, Wis.

75000 catalogues of Live Northern Seeds to be given away. Address Lang, Baraboo, Wis.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c., 6 pks. & Ring 50c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct.

DR. HALL'S NEW TREATMENT for EPILEPSY, NEURALGIA and RHEUMATISM results in a PERFECT CURE. To convince sufferers of its efficacy I will send them a $2 PACKAGE FREE OF CHARGE.
Address for full information
H. M. HALL, M. D.,
209 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patents until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

40 Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. *Sure to suit. Cat.* 2c. Gem Agency, Orleans, Ind.

WANTED An unemployed person, either sex, in own locality, for the successful business of old firm; liberal stated salary. References exchanged. AM. MFG. HOUSE, 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

CARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND VISITING. Lovely Samples, Bran new Catalogue, & Agts. terms for 2c. stamp. W. C. Griswold & Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

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Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics for
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
Used by U. S. Govern'm't.
Chart on Rollers, and Book Sent Free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 842 B'way, N. Y.

Make money odd days selling "Wonders" and other new books. Write A. GORTON & Co., Phila., Pa.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
T. S. PAGE, No. 4 West 31st St., New York City.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 438 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for Illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

WORK For All. $20 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Latest Fashion Phases.

Galloon is now employed on all parts of a toilet. It is consequently manufactured in great varieties.

There is cachemire galloon worked on silk etamine galloon in relief; beaded galloons in colors and of pearl beads only, and galloons in all hues to match the dresses on which they are used.

Galloon called "plume neige" is employed on small dressy outer garments and for large carriage cloaks. It is of feathers in all colors.

Galloon is not only used for bordering outer garments, but also for trimming the sides of underskirts. It forms lengthwise stripes called "bayadere" stripes.

Galloon also serves for waists which are set in V shape, back and front. Sometimes the trimming is arranged to imitate a sailor collar.

A very neat "garniture" consists of loops of galloon turning upward to form a collar, and similar loops turning downward around the lower part of the waist. The same trimming surrounds the sleeves.

Ribbon is used in as great profusion as galloon and lace. Whole panels on skirts are covered with small ribbon bows. Bows with long ends terminate with tags of beads or of light passementerie work.

When wide ribbon is taken around a pointed waist it is tied on the side in several loops with long ends. Very wide ribbon is usually of faille, while the narrow bows are preferred when of satin or moire.

Cheviots and smooth cloths entirely without facing are made up in tailor fashion for winter and spring suits for wearing on the street.

Wool stuffs, imitating English crape with its deep crinkles, are shown in great variety, also armure woolens and fabrics that imitate China crape, but the preference here is always for twilled surfaces, in the short irregular twill, or in the wider diagonal lines of serges.

An excellent model for dresses of Henrietta cloth has the lower skirt represented by a separate fall of the cloth attached to the foundation skirt of silk or of alpaca, and trimmed by a wide fold of English crape, set on three or four inches above the edge. This fold may be deep enough to represent a lower skirt of crape.

House dresses of crape have a demi-trained skirt, full and straight in the back, with deep drapery in front cut out in points or scallops that are lined with silk and side panels similarly scalloped.

The basque may be plain over the silk lining, or laid in full on the shoulders in front, with the pleats tapering to the waist. On a plainer basque there is a vest made quite narrow, with points or scallops laping on its edges. Black lisse is pleated in the neck and sleeves.

Waists cut low in fichu style are much used for ball dresses. Velvet and plush waists matching the skirts are trimmed with fine lace.

They open square or in heart-shape in front, and close by means of a kind of corselet of another material, which may be white or colored.

The corselet is of lampas, of brocade worked with beads, or of a piece of fine embroidery with the design surrounded by threads of gold or silver. A lace fichu is crossed and taken in under the corselet. If a guimpe of tulle or lace replaces the fichu, it is arranged in the same way.

Sleeves are profusely trimmed with lace. Some of them are open, with the lace showing in several places through the open parts and forming a full flowing trimming on the outside of the arm.

Waists are often pointed on the border of the basques, with a lace ruffle coming from underneath to produce the effect of a lace vest with a basque showing between each space left by the points.

Gloves worn with ball dresses are not quite as long as they have been; they now terminate below the elbow. The favored color for undressed kid gloves is light pink, of a flesh tint. All light shades are worn, however.

For demi-toilettes the light shades of putty continue in vogue, as they correspond with dresses of all colors.

Long black gloves of dressed kid, bordered with a band of fur, are used with black toilets of velvet satin and beaded lace.

For light mourning for the house, white wool is combined with black as parts of the dress, such as a soft vest of diagonal folds, a collar and wristbands wrought with black feather stitching and panels or inlaid pieces of white wool in the skirt; or may be the entire lower skirt is of white serge, or of white cloth pinked or notched on the edges.

Black braiding on white cloth vests and panels is not new, but is still used. Pointed gimp above a band of Astrakhan or of the long-waved Russian lamb skin is a fashionable trimming for cheviot dresses.

White cheviot dresses are worn in the house, and there is also a return to pale gray, silver and mauve dresses for light mourning.

The hair is still dressed high on the head, although there are some exceptions to this rule. It is usually brushed from the back and twisted on the top of the head, where it is irregularly fastened on either side.

Fancy pins of steel and shell are among the hair in such designs as palettes, wheels, tiny combs, stars and crescents.

A small piece of hair is slightly turned up over each temple in Spanish style. This very youthful and rather Japanese way of dressing the hair is, when skillfully arranged, both pretty and becoming.

A coiffure suitable for a dinner or theatre party is to arrange the hair very high in the back, twisting it on the top in the shape of the *fleur de lis*. On one side of the coiffure is a pin of light shell. There is also worn in the hair an aigrette surrounded by a tuft of white plumes.

A coiffure for a ball includes light puffs above the forehead and short curls over it. On top of the head is a bunch of mauve and corn-colored loops with an aigrette and a diamond crescent in the centre.

The gentle footsteps of spring are heralded by the importation of cotton materials for dresses. One fabric called zephyr gingham comes in French robe patterns with representations of the model in each robe.

The front and trimmings are embroidered in new and fanciful designs, and the remainder of the dress is plain. These come in all the subdued tints of gray, brown, buff, salmon, ecru, lilac and amber.

In most of the designs the embroidery is shaded in tints to harmonize with the ground and plain material. These robe patterns give ample scope in regard to prices, as they range from $6.50 to $25 per pattern.

Another novelty in spring fabrics has just been opened, which will fill the bill for both morning and evening house toilets, and even would not be amiss to wear upon the street on a warm day.

This may seem like forestalling warm days, but there is nothing like taking time by the forelock.

Tufted crape is what these goods were called at the christening. The grounds are very delicate and sheer, and upon the surface are raised various colored stripes. The grounds are principally cream tint, but the stripes assert themselves in striking colors, in deep blue, cardinal, orange, green, heliotrope and purple. In width they are thirty-two inches, and the price is 25 cents per yard.

If it is desirable to have these toilets trimmed to give them a dressy appearance for evening wear, there is a fine assortment of colored embroideries close at hand. It would seem as if these embroideries had been wrought on purpose for trimming the new tufted crapes.

All the colors represented in the latter materials are found among these colored cotton and linen embroideries. Then there are colored laces now which look even more fancy and dressy than the embroideries.

In any event, ladies can suit their own especial tastes in the matter, and find something to their minds without going many steps from the dress-goods counters.

It is true sateens are not new fabrics, but they come to us with new faces, so to speak. These textures assume the appearance of foulard silks, so glossy and brilliant are their surfaces.

The designs have merged from the regulation chints patterns to precisely imitate the more expensive classes of silk dress goods, and yet the prices do not advance to keep pace with their growth in beauty of finish.

These rejuvenated sateens are as indescribable as they are picturesque—that is, if one attempts to put them on paper with a pen.

Dresses for ordinary day wear, have the revers on the skirt of plain and frise, the petticoat plain velvet. The bodice is made with a turn-down collar covered with straight rows of braid looped over buttons, the cuffs to match, a fold of yellow down the centre of the front, flanked by revers of plain velvet reaching to the waist; the bodice and basque are cut as a habit.

Odds and Ends.

HOW TO MAKE SOME OF THEM.

A very convenient work-bag I saw lately seemed to me to be a capital receptacle for large untidy pieces of work, and would, I should say, be appreciated as a stocking-bag by those whose task it is to mend the hose of a large family. It sounds rather elaborate in construction but is not really so.

The sides of the bag are cut out in cardboard, which must measure eight inches square, the lower corners being rounded off. They must be covered well with cretonne; and here, I may add, that for this bag nothing is more suitable than a reversible cretonne, a very handsome one being readily obtained at the cost of about eight cents a yard. When the cards are covered, a piece of the cretonne must be cut, measuring about one yard and a quarter in length by twelve inches wide. A running thread must be placed at either edge of this strip, and it must then be evenly drawn up and gathered around the two pieces of card, but not at the top.

If a second pocket would be esteemed a convenience, a piece of cretonne must be cut, measuring twelve inches in length and fourteen inches wide. This must have a hem made at the top, and a piece of elastic run in to gather it up to the proper width. It is then sewn to one of the pieces of card with the fulness properly arranged, so as to make a smaller pocket at the side of the first one.

On the reverse side of the bag a small flap of card must be covered with the cretonne, and sewn at the top in flap fashion. Under this, two or three leaves of flannel must be arranged to serve as a needle-book.

The inside of the bag must be bound with ribbon as a hem, and a number of tiny brass rings sewn along this hem to contain ribbon strings to draw up the opening of the bag with.

It is wonderful what a quantity of work may be stowed away in this bag, as it is so very expansive.

Those who travel would much appreciate anything calculated to lessen the difficulty of packing boots and shoes, especially winter laced-up ones or mountaineering ones. Boot-bags made in pairs are thus invaluable at bazaars, and admit of much variety as far as trimming and shape are concerned.

The simplest are made of cretonne of a gay, but not too light a color. Each bag must be made large enough to take a boot easily in width, leaving about three inches beyond the boot in length.

I have found they are most convenient when left quite free at the top, but it is by no means difficult to run in a string to draw them up by.

Another plan is to make them like a large envelope with a flap to fold over and button into place; or if preferred that the pair of boots should be in one case, it is easy to make a bag double the size of those I have already mentioned, and to put a running down the middle, so that a bag with two compartments is the result.

Brown holland bound with scarlet braid, and with initials embroidered with scarlet on the flap, used to be very popular for these cases, but just now the fancy is for those made of a darker material that does not so soon become soiled. I have, however, seen them elaborately worked in cross-stitch or in braid.

If more than one pair are made of the same cretonne, it is advisable to sew or embroider a number on them, as one does on stockings, so that a particular pair of shoes may be found at once if necessary without the trouble of unpacking all the trunk to find perhaps one of a pair.

A very useful work-case that was intended as a present for a gentleman I recently saw, was made of satin quilted in small squares lined with chamois leather, and bound around the edges with ribbon. It measured about twelve inches in length by five inches in width.

Two flat round pincushions made of card covered with satin formed the sides of a circular pocket at one end, which was supposed to hold a couple of reels of cotton and a thimble in the middle.

The other end was rounded off to make a flap, and several spaces run down the centre of the case for holding lengths of darning cotton, thread, etc. In the flap may be sewn a small flat square pocket for the accommodation of a few buttons, which, as a rule, pack most flat when left on their cards.

The hem of this pocket may be drawn up with an elastic to keep the contents in place. A band of elastic must not be omitted to pass around the whole case when it is folded up.

A new and pretty handkerchief sachet may be make in the usual way—that is, by taking a square piece of material, and folding the corners inwards so that they meet in the centre. In this case, however, two opposite corners are ornamented with a piece of satin pleated into the shape of a fan, and edged with lace. This gives a pretty "fussy" look to the sachet. For ordinary use these handkerchief cases are now often made of a piece of the same cretonne with which the room is upholstered.

Shoe pegs require 100,000 cords of timber annually in their manufacture; matches, 300,000; lasts and boot trees, 500,000. All this is of the most superior quality, straight grained and clear of knots and gnarls. To raise the telegraph poles of the country required 800,000 trees, and 300,000 more are required for annual repair. The railway ties of the country annually consume 75,000 acres of timber at least thirty years old, and the fencing of railways represents $45,000,000, and the annual repair $15,000,000. These are but a moiety of what is required of our forest supply. The burning of brick alone requires 2,000,000 cords of wood.

Confidential Correspondents.

DONALD.—Playing the flute continually is, doubtless, likely to increase the projection of the upper lip. A naturally projecting upper lip is of advantage to a flute player.

READER.—It is not vulgar when properly applied, but in the phrase "This is filthy dirty," it would be out of place. Firstly, the two words express nearly the same meaning. Secondly, the phrase is ungrammatical. In place of the adjective "filthy," an adverb is required to qualify "dirty."

C. LAKE.—No portion of the Russian army entered Constantinople at the close of the Russo-Turkish War. You are probably thinking of the report which caused so much sensation in this country, that, although an armistice had been concluded, the Russian army was marching on the Turkish capital.

C. MAC.—Mephistopheles is pronounced in five syllables, the accent being laid on the third. Melpomene has four syllables, the stress being on the second. She was the muse of tragedy, and was represented as the daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne. The name Thiers is pronounced in two syllables, the second and sixth letters not being sounded.

B.—It is hardly within our scope or power to make inquiry into the *bona fides* of the various foreign lotteries. The lotteries are said to be under the supervision of the State, and probably are, but how are you or we to test the standing or character of the agent who invites your subscriptions? All such forms of speculation are to be avoided.

J. FRODSHAM.—It is always difficult to answer such questions as yours, because everything depends upon individual capacity. But if you have an ordinarily good memory, and start with a "good knowledge of Latin, French, English, and arithmetic," you ought to be able to qualify yourself for matriculation at the University in two years, studying six hours a day.

CLARIE.—We can scarcely believe that any girl of sixteen years of age, as you say you are, would make, in good faith, such inquiries as those made by you. All girls, even those who "flirt" the most, know perfectly well that to answer signals made by strange men is both silly and unladylike, and that by doing so they lose the respect of every one of the other sex whose respect is worth having. It was silly to answer the signals the first time, and it would be equally silly to do so again.

CARRY.—There is always a certain amount of risk in every operation, however simple it may be, and considering that you have suffered from your hernia since birth, we imagine you are not much troubled with it. At the present time we should be very unwilling to have any operation performed unless the matter is of vital importance. We conclude that the rupture can be kept back by a truss. With regard to the insurance in case of death, that is a question you had better get definitely decided by your local agent.

FLORIA.—You say you are in a dilemma, and we do not wonder at it. You have two lovers, both unobjectionable as to character and to means, but the one you love is in poor health, and the other, whom you do not love, is the choice of your parents, and ask would it be better to give the former up now, and marry the one "I do not love, or marry the one I do love, and soon become a widow? In which case would I be the happiest?" Your case is almost too singular to be brought under any rule. Should you marry the man you love and soon become a widow, you might then be able to marry the man who is the choice of your parents. But even in that case it would not be advisable for you to marry him unless you should first learn to love him.

EDIE.—You are acting quite naturally, and we are inclined to be very tender with you, but remember that you are in some danger. You are meeting a man in secret fashion after you have heard bad stories about him. He showed himself to be plucky when he owned that he had been wild, and we know that many such scapgraces turn out well when the hot blood is sobered. But you must not act without your mother's knowledge. She says that your lover is a reprobate of a bad description, and she forbids you to meet him. Now your mother is old and sagacious; you are but a child, and she is more likely to be right than you are. You say that the man has "the grand air" and is very grave, but remember that gravity and smoothness of demeanor may often be used to hide terrible villianies. Confide in your mother—that is essential.

ENA.—One valid reason for not giving her an opal ring is that it would be almost sure to make her uncomfortable, and, perhaps, downright unhappy, on account of the superstitious belief connected with it. You should certainly ascertain whether or not she, in the least degree, shares that belief before presenting her with an opal engagement ring. If she does, then it would be cruel for you to expose her to the distress of mind which would be sure to be occasioned by her wearing such a ring. It is useless for you to say that it is foolish for anyone to let such a superstition influence the mind, because, where such a superstition is believed in, it is impossible for the mind to combat it successfully. Furthermore, if any of the myriad ills which beset everybody's path should happen to your betrothed after she put on the opal engagement ring, she and her friends would be apt to ascribe the malign occurrence to the ring, and even you yourself might then regret having run counter to the general custom in such matters.

F. F. L.—The spider makes a connection by means of its web with a distant point straight through the air in this manner: It ejects from its spinnarets at the end of its body, a lot of web in the shape of a tangled ball of yarn. This is covered with a natural glue. Discovering by instinct which way the wind is blowing, it elevates its body with the ball of web attached. The wind carries the ball with it and the spider gives out additional web, connected with the ball like a kite to a string, until the ball fixes itself by means of the glue to some object in the direction the wind is blowing. The spider ascertains this by pulling on the line. Repeating the same process a number of times, it lays the foundation of its web. Then the cross lines, and smaller parts are filled in by similar operations. The supply of web-making material in one sense of the word, never gives out until the insect dies, as it may be said to be its blood and life, secreted from the food it eats. But if a spider's web is torn away or destroyed a number of times, it ceases making them, and will wander around until it finds a vacant web, or failing in this, attempts to drive out a brother spider from its home. In some cases it succeeds also eating its victim along with robbing it, and in others it fails, being eaten as a reward for its temerity.